

DENNIS NICHOLSON 1-Ax



GROVE ACADEMY MAGAZINE

1963-64

George H. R. Martin

GROVE ACADEMY MAGAZINE

Editors:

PATRICIA BLAIR and JEFFREY LOCK

Assistant Editors:

IAIN CURRIE, JOHN MELDRUM and STUART RATTRAY

Advertising Manager:

ALASTAIR SMITH

Vol. II., No. 9

JUNE, 1964

SO, we took approximately twenty-five thousand words, mixed them thoroughly with a few dozen photographs and boiled them in a large cauldron for several weeks. We then liberally flavoured the mixture with a touch of humour, a touch of variety, and here and there a touch of sincerity. Served cold or heated this magazine should make quite a palatable dish.

Of course, we re-echo the now familiar Editorial complaint concerning the close proximity of the S.C.E. examinations to the magazine deadline and hope that this will serve as mitigating circumstances to those who would tend to condemn our effort.

As usual, we thank all those who contributed articles. The quality was exceptionally high, even if the quantity left something to be desired.

We would also like to thank Mr Dron and Mr Thomson for all their help on the editorial side; Mr Soutar for his work in arranging the photographs (also Mr David Martin, Dundee, for taking them); Alistair McBeth and Alistair Bernard for their help on the artistic side; Mr Gaul for acting as business manager, and finally Mr McGregor and the staff of Dundee Printers for their helpfulness.

THE EDITORS.

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A MESSAGE FROM OUR NEW RECTOR

When your Editor approached me about the possibility of writing a personal message to introduce this year's edition of the School Magazine, even before I had taken up duty here, I felt that I had just been given one of the most awkward assignments of my career. Clearly there was no possibility of my commenting on the happenings and achievements of the past year, events of which I had no personal knowledge, and it was open to me, therefore, only to say something of my hopes for the future in terms which must be quite general after a stay of only thirty-six hours in Broughty Ferry.

At a time when more thought is being given to, and certainly more money is being spent on, education than ever before, one is often tempted to ask if we know where we are going, in the educational sense. Do you, as pupils of a school with such a grand tradition and of such high repute, know exactly where you wish to go?

What, in fact, is our aim in an age when one needs only glance at any of the daily newspapers to be made aware of the many problems facing present-day society? One has to admit that there has probably never been a generation of young people exposed, on such a scale, to temptations all tending, incidentally but inexorably, to belittle honest effort and to encourage the desire for maximum return for minimum effort.

Let me put it to you that we teachers cannot expect all of you to be so brilliant that you dazzle the contemporary scene, but we would hope that you will eventually go out from this school to lead decent, honest, law-abiding lives, some in the professions, some in business, some perhaps in unskilled jobs. If, however, your job, whatever it may be, is done to the best of your ability, if you give to it all you have to give, nobody can ask more. At the end of the day you will have deep satisfaction in the knowledge of a job well done.

Remember, finally, that, as I have already said to some of you, when people speak of Grove Academy they speak of you. You are Grove Academy, and its reputation is the reputation you earn for it.

THE RECTOR.

THE YEAR IN RETROSPECT STAFF NEWS


In recent years we have come to expect many staff changes and in that respect the present session has been no exception. At Easter Mr Hislop, our Rector for the past three years, left us to take up duty as Rector of Kilmarnock Academy carrying with him our sincere good wishes for success and happiness in his new post. In appreciation of his services to the school presentations were made by pupils and by staff.

In his place we welcomed Mr Fulton from Aberdeen Academy as the eighth Rector of our school. Under his guidance we are sure that Grove Academy will continue to flourish and we hope that Mr Fulton will be happy in our midst.

During the session we said goodbye to Miss Symon (P.T.), Mr Bryan (Geography), Mr Cain (Science) and Miss Wishart and Mr Bell (Mathematics). In June Mr Parry (Biology), Miss Stephen (French) and Mr Ramsay (Commercial) take their departures. We hope that Miss Stephen will enjoy a long and well-earned retirement and wish Mr Parry and Mr Ramsay success in their new appointments at Kingsway Technical College and Stobswell Girls' School respectively. Even as we go to press the changes continue and we learn that in August Mr Jolly takes up duty as Principal Teacher of Physics in Lawside Academy and Mr Gaul in the Commercial College. We wish them well in their new posts.

A major change during the year was the division of the Science Department. Mr Melvin is now Principal Teacher of Physics and Miss Kidney (from Morgan Academy) Principal Teacher of Chemistry. We wish Miss Kidney well in her new and responsible post. In addition we have welcomed Miss Moodie, Mr Burford, Mr Sandison and Mr Whyte (technician) to the Science Departments, Mr Thomson (English), Miss Sutherland (Geography), Miss McLaren (P.T.), Miss Pirie (Modern Languages) and Mr Christie (Mathematics).

Last Christmas we said farewell to Miss Skinner, but in January welcomed her back as Mrs Jack! We offer her our best wishes for future happiness.



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The "Wee" Grove

It is now certain that "Grove Primary" will become "Forthill Primary" next August. Already pupils and staff have moved into their modern well-equipped building on the site of the old "Rec," and next session even the name "Grove" will have disappeared. We hope, nevertheless, that our association with the new Forthill Primary School, and indeed with all our "feeder" schools, will remain as close and cordial as ever.

At the beginning of next session the Grove Primary building will become Grove Academy Annexe, and this acquisition, while not an ideal solution to our accommodation problems, will ease the situation somewhat and enable the Eastern "outpost" to be moved nearer the main school.

Scottish Certificate of Education

The number of presentations in the S.C.E. examinations continues to rise and last year's results — particularly at the Ordinary Grade Level — were very encouraging. The outcome of this year's tests will not, of course, be available until the end of July.

In the last issue of the magazine reference was made to the "Advanced Level" Papers. It is now quite definite that these will not be introduced until 1966 at the earliest and possibly not even then.

Distinctions

Elsewhere in this issue mention is made of achievements in various aspects of school endeavour, but no apology is necessary for singling out two recent successes in widely differing fields.

In this year's St Andrews University Bursary Competition Iain D. Currie was awarded the Bruce of Grangehill Residential Scholarship of £100 for four years to study mathematics and science at St Salvator's College in St Andrews. This is the second time in four years that a pupil of Grove Academy has brought such an honour to his school.

No less meritorious was the performance of Joan Smith, who is the new Scottish Girls' Golf Champion. At Easter Joan surpassed her previous excellent showing in this competition and carried off the trophy against stiff opposition.

Helping Others . . .

During the year pupils' weekly contributions to the Penny-a-Week Fund have again

enabled us to make donations to deserving charities. The full list of such donations for this year is as follows:—

Students' Campaign	£15	0	0
Freedom From Hunger	15	15	0
Dundee School Children's Holiday Fund	10	0	0
Scottish Council for Spastics	5	0	0
Pestalozzi Trust	5	0	0
Royal Nat. Institution for Blind	5	0	0
Dundee Orphanage	15	0	0
Dr Barnardo's Homes	5	0	0
Children's Home at Rhu	5	0	0
Anton House	5	0	0
Old People's Welfare	4	10	0
Chest and Heart Association	5	0	0
National Institution for Deaf	5	0	0
General Council for the Care of Cripples	5	0	0
Toc H Radio Service	5	0	0
Polio Research	5	0	0
Guide Dogs for the Blind	5	0	0
Women's World Day of Prayer	5	0	0
	£125	5	0

In addition, of course, we have used the Fund in ways which benefit the school and the pupils.

. . . and Ourselves

An interesting and worthwhile piece of self-help occurred at the end of last session just too late to be mentioned in last year's magazine. A short concert of music, dancing and humorous items was arranged by Mr Forbes and Mr Dron and put on twice nightly during the exhibition of work by the Art, Technical and Homecraft departments. As a result of this effort, enough money was raised to buy a new tape-recorder for the school, and the Education Committee later agreed to purchase a second, so that the English and Modern Languages Departments are now independently equipped with recording machines. This entertainment saw the emergence of the Stuart Lamont-Alastair Smith-Alastair McBeth team of satirists whose hilarious activities are referred to elsewhere in these pages.

All the other multifarious on-goings — usual and unusual — of session 1963-64 are here for you to read about and remember.

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(Photo by courtesy of the "Evening Telegraph.")

Mr Hislop with the School Captains after the presentation.

APPRECIATION OF THE LAST RECTOR

At the end of the winter term the pupils took their official farewell of Mr Hislop. The school captain, Iain Currie, thanked Mr Hislop for his fine service to the school despite his only being in office for three years. His work had been outstanding in the fields of organisation and education and also in the social and sporting life of the school. Mr Hislop was congratulated on his new appoint-

ment as Rector of Kilmarnock Academy and wished luck in the running of his new school. The head girl, Aileen Moir, handed over on behalf of the pupils a case and travelling bag in token of their appreciation.

On the last day of term the staff entertained Mr and Mrs Hislop in the Taypark Hotel and presented the Rector with a slide projector and screen.

I. D. C.

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BULLETIN FROM B5

During session 1963-64 we were pleased to have the services of Mademoiselle Nicole-Josette Brunet Santerre de la Fontinelle, from Paris, and Fräulein Ursula Keller from Münster, as conversation assistants with our French and German classes. The pupils have enjoyed classes conducted by these ladies, and we are grateful to them for bringing something of the atmosphere of the Continent to Grove Academy, and in particular to our "verfluchtes, dumpfes Mauerloch." We wish to thank them and offer them our best wishes for the future.

* * * *

Once more we have to thank the Direktor, staff and pupils of the Gymnasium Bietigheim for their Christmas message on tape. We enjoyed the recording of the Hausmusik, their annual concert, and congratulate the Music Master Herr Häcker and all who took part on the very high standard of their performance of a most ambitious programme. We are returning the compliment by sending them a recording of our Shakespeare Supper, and hope our friends enjoy the speeches and musical items.

* * * *

The Goldberg-Gymnasium, Böblingen, continues to send a generous supply of the excellent publication "Das Sprachrohr" which is read and enjoyed by most of our pupils studying German. We wish to thank the editorial committee for remembering Grove Academy in this way and hope they enjoy this edition of our School Magazine.

* * * *

In the month of April the members of our Modern Languages Staff attended a course in Language Laboratory Techniques in Dundee Commercial College. We are assured that this new method of teaching foreign languages is being adopted more and more by colleges and schools, and hope that in the not too distant future a language laboratory may be installed in Grove Academy.

* * * *

During the holidays Grove Academy is being represented on two Continental Exchanges sponsored by the Dundee Education Committee. Miss Pirie is accompanying the schools party going to Orléans, while a group of third and fourth year pupils is travelling

to Würzburg in Bavaria. We hope they all have a pleasant journey and that their stay in France or Germany may be enjoyable and profitable.

LIBRARY REPORT

New shelving, new tables, new chairs have at last improved the appearance of the Library, and more improvements are to follow. At the same time conditions have become more and more cramped, both with regard to shelf-space and the room itself which is quite inadequate.

During the past year reasonable use has been made of the Library by the lower classes of the School, but borrowings by pupils of classes 4, 5 and 6, for whom the Library should be of greatest value, have been negligible. These pupils are further discouraged from using it for reference purposes by the inadequacy of the room which prevents study periods being held in it.

For those who like figures we give the following statistical information:—Up to 27th May about 260 pupils have joined or renewed their membership of the library, being only 29% of the school population; just over 1,600 borrowings have been made which is an average of almost seven per member. 362 books have been added to the stock, 127 of these being gifts, and here we are particularly indebted to Miss Liddell, formerly Lady Superintendent, Canon Wilson, Mrs J. Bowman and J. B. Easson, F.P. Other donors include a number of present pupils. To all of them, our grateful thanks.

Thanks are due also to those pupils who help in the running of the Library:—Bruce Lawrie, Ian Robertson, Class 5; Ian Foulis, Allan Laing, Michael Philip, Stewart Watson, Class 3; David Smith, James Toshney, Class 2; John Gordon, Class 1. J. G. H.

THE GIDEONS INTERNATIONAL PRESENTATION

Pupils are grateful to the Gideons International for the presentation of New Testaments which they made to the school.

Most pupils took advantage of the Association's generosity, and the handsomely produced pocket-size Testaments are widely used throughout the school.

Many pupils are following the scheme of daily readings given in the Testament.

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"Come now. What masques, what revels are in hand?"



"To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir."



FRIDAY, 20th MARCH, 1964



PREFECTS

Absent — Margery Anderson, Patricia Blair.

Back Row (left to right) — L. Moonie, Natalie Clark, A. Smith, Linda Simmons, R. Low, J. Lock, Patricia Grieve, S. Lamont, Joan Smith, R. Davidson.

Front Row — Barbara Brand, B. Whyte, Stella Jamieson, I. Currie, Miss Vandore, Mr Sturrock, Aileen Moir, A. McBeth, Laura Pringle, S. Rattray.



GOLF

Back Row (left to right) — B. Currie, D. Pearce, I. Nicoll.

Front Row — R. Davidson, Joan Smith, I. Currie, G. Robb.



Photograph by courtesy of "The Broughty Ferry Guide and Gazette."

Iain Currie, this year's school captain and winner of the Bruce of Grangehill Residential Scholarship in the St Andrews University Bursary Competition.

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—PORTRAIT OF THE YEAR—

Like 1663-64, a year of plagues and pandemics. While smallpox ravaged India, Beatlemania raged in Britain.

Dundee much in the news. The city was said to suffer from air pollution so the Education Committee inaugurated an Anti-Smoking Campaign in schools. The best thing about Dundee, said a guide-book, is the road from Perth to Forfar that bypasses the city. "A few people in our country," said Sir John Rothenstein, retiring Director of the Tate Gallery, "still show good taste." The number of pedestrians injured in car accidents in the city showed no spectacular rise, but four teachers at Grove are learning to drive. 8.5 Dundonians are said to go missing each year. 50-goal Gilzean chose to disappear in Bert Slater's Cup Final.

Willie Allan (V.) was accepted as a pilot in the Fleet Air Arm. Reports came from America that Mr Wilson was anxious to hand the Royal Navy over to the United Nations. Boys' haircuts went up in price. Mollison (V.), Grieve (II.), and Smith (IV.), are obviously saving money. Hot Currie won a St Andrews bursary, but Miss Vandore found herself sitting the "Highers" again.

"I don't care too much for money," sing the Beatles so they were asked for £25,000 each from Edinburgh's Lord Provost. Their answer was no — or words to that effect — but Grove Academy's school fund benefited a number of charities. Reluctant pupils with washers and buttons at the ready should note that a man was sent to prison for three months for putting foreign coins in a London Underground ticket machine.

K. was 70 and Shakespeare 400, so Grove was quick to arrange a Shakespeare Supper. "The one thing I dislike about the business," said Brian Epstein, "is the mob of hopeless, talentless imitators." All too obviously one of the mob when it came to organising a Shakespeare Supper was Dundee High School.

"All the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances."

Exit Mr Hislop, enter Mr Fulton. Various teachers came and went. President Kennedy, Lady Astor, Jean Mann, Aldous Huxley, Rachel Carson, Jean Cocteau all made the final exit.

PRIVATE EYE VIEW

Perhaps the most significant event of the past year has been the departure of Mr Hislop for Kilmarnock. Mr James Hislop (1962-64) was responsible for the invention of the "School Fund" machine in 1963, but is perhaps best known for the Hislopian doctrine of "hard work and success." (Who would doubt that his achievement at Grove was more than substantial and even more successful?)

Iain Currie and I rose from talking from the floor in debates to the privilege of talking to the floor in the E.S.U. debating competition (and in addition we wiped the floor with the opposition at Arbroath). A bit unlucky was the verdict when we were pipped in the semi-final by Dundee High School when de-

bating that "Africa is a Lost Cause." Concluding his speech, Mr Currie compared Africa to a colony of crows with laryngitis—the lost caws!

It was quite a good year for all the sports teams, too. After a cursive survey of sport, a certain centre-half tops the list for curses during the season! Black mark of the year goes to the Boys' Hockey 1st XI. which met ignominious defeat at the hands (elbows and feet, too!) of the teachers under Mr McQuire's generalship.

Mr Dron's idea of a "Shakespearean Supper" was a resounding success and the 220 guests went home full of quotations, jokes and Wilson's catering.* The principal guest was the F.P. M.P., Mr George Morgan Thomson, the man who is always tuned in

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with G.M.T.! The puzzling questions which remains after the supper is: "Was 'Sleep' Davidson the worse for lemonade when he stumbled over the makeshift stage, then turned to it and said, "O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth"?"

It has been remarked that prefects were too strict this year and Mr Dron has even had the temerity to ask for pupils' candid opinions of the prefect system (for inclusion in the magazine). I immediately informed my lawyer and, I warn you, I'll be watching those articles closely and won't hesitate to use my rhino whip! However, the prefects must plead guilty to the true story of a student teacher who was given one set of lines for being late and another for having his hands in his pockets — all in the course of five minutes!

With this year's holiday already planned, pupils can cast a nostalgic glance back to last summer's "Devonia" cruise and spare a sympathetic thought for "Fungus Face," the Master at Arms, whose larynx and blood pressure will receive their annual shock in a month's time. Some members of the opera cast have already had one holiday at Aber-

foyle Camp, but for further unexpurgated facts about this annual fertility rite I refer you to "Auntie" Joan Meldrum's advice column.

The culmination of many a scholastic life is the S.C.E. examinations. This year, however, a girl was seen knitting during Higher English. When asked what she was "on at, china," she said she was trying to work out one of the patterns in the English paper! With S.C.E. comes the annual phenomenon of invigilators whose latent musical talents are soon brought to the surface. This year the usual cacophony of cup chinking, newspaper crumpling and foghorn whispering brought an amused smile to my lips. Seriously though . . .

The dissolution of Grove Primary poses a problem for Eastern pupils. What do they reply when told that "Easie eggs canna' wash their legs" when the old "Grovie mugs canna wash their lugs" will now become obsolete?

S. J. L.

*The name of the figure of speech used here has been adopted as the class motto of 2E boys — "BATHOS — we need it!"

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PRIMARY SECTION

WHY WE LIKE OUR NEW SCHOOL

becos we will soon be sun burnt for the windos R so big. **Stewart Adamson, P1a.**

becos it has windos that can open wld.
Marion Williams, P1a.

becos it has windows in the doors. That is funee I thinc. **Neil McLeod.**

becos we still have the sweetee bottl.
Joyce Laing, P1a.

becoz we still have Miss Mann to giv us lesons. **Carol Dyer, P1a.**

becoz it is not so cold to go to the toilet.
Karen Nicoll, P1a.

becoz it has a diner hall and the diners are smashin. **Stuart Wilson, P1a.**

becoz we have a sink in the class room and I can take a wash wen I wont to.
Alistair Young.

becos there are shours in it and I wood like one for fun. **Alice Page, P1a.**

I like lilac and pansies and Miss Mackay we have a bird's nest.
Lynda Johnston, P1b.

I like the milk and the sums in the school and I like the new school.
Ritchie Robertson, P1b.

I like to cume to Scool in the mornig and play and do sums and play in the play ground. **Alexandra Imlach, P1b.**

I like to come to school in the morning. I like to write on the blackboard and I like to play with my plasiseen and I like to play in the playgrond. **Fiona Paterson, P1b.**

I see flaws in vasis all rand the class room we have panses to. I have a room that is lemin besid my bed is a fery.
Denise Robins, P1b.

I have afishing-rood and it can catj two fish. I like to play in the sunshine and go under the sprinclur. I do not like the winter.
Bruce McLeod, P2.

Last year Daddy and I went camping and it raind and raind and raind. When we were out we were cot in a shour of rain and we had to run back to the tent and in the afternoon Uncle David came and we had to go home in the car and Pamela and Irene were glad to see us again and so was mummy. Then I went out to play in the sunshine at my very own den. **Lindsay Smith, P2.**

Very soon mummy will be learning to drive a car and it may be a long time before she can drive well enough to pass her test.
Colin McMenemy, P2.

My Gran has moved house. Her house is fool of boxes. It is a very nice house. I went up last night and I was helping to un-pack. It is quite difict to un-pack. She is very luck becos she can see the river Tay. Gran said the river is like fairy land. She can see the new road brige. The men are very bisee. The brige will be very nice to go over. Daddy said he mite take me over when the brige is redee.

Elaine Sutherland, P2.

Hamlet is my Hamster. He is very funny and went into the dirty washing. Hamlet was at school, but he was terified at the noise and would not come out of a corner. When I went home he went into his wheel and went round in it. He climbed up his cage and he clinged on the top of it. Hamlet is a real joke and if you blow on him he turns over on his back and is soon all sawdust. Hamlet loves milk and sometimes falls into his bowl of milk. When he smells something he pops his head out of his nest.

Alan Mearns, P2.

My brother olwas fites me and I hit him and he cries. He goes and tells dad.

I have a goldfish, my goldfish likes me. Donald had a goldfish too but his dide and I still have mine. **Pauline Anderson, P2.**

When we went to Montrose to see our grandparents we went to the fair. There were all sorts of things, but my favourite was the dodgem cars. I drove a red one and bumped into Daddy's dodgem and made him jump. Fairs are fun.

Alistair Main, P3.

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Front Row — Irene Gairns, Ann Nicolson, Joyce Mackie, Shirley McKenzie.**



BADMINTON

**Back Row (left to right) — B. Latto, J. Jamieson, B. Beath, O. Pearce.
Front Row — Margaret Robertson, Patricia Grieve, Christine Cameron, Fiona Campbell.**

MY CATCH

Fishing is my hobby. When Daddy said we might have a week-end holiday, I pleaded to go fishing. After packing rods, lines, bait, hooks, flies, rubber boots and warm clothes we set off for the lochs. We fished for three days from early morning until late at night, and all we caught was a **Rusty Can!**

John McMahon, P3.

Last Saturday we visited the dam at Pitlochry. We went into the house with the glass windows where we saw a big salmon climbing up the fish ladder. There was a big room where the water turbines make electricity. We had a nice tea and then came home, tired but happy.

Ian Main, P3.

THE BLACKBIRD'S NEST

A blackbird has built her nest in the hedge in my garden. Each day one more egg appeared in the nest until there were five little blue speckled eggs. I used to see the mother blackbird sitting in her nest, but one day she flew away and left her five little eggs alone in the nest. I wonder if she will ever return.

Elizabeth Gilmour, P3.

MY HOLIDAY

For my holiday I went to Warminster. We had an old house there. One day I went to the park and had a boat ride. There was an island which we kept bumping into. At first my brother Hugh and I had the big boat, and my other brother Alan and Daddy had the small boat. Then we changed round. In the house we had bunks to sleep in. If Alan slept in the top bunk he would have nightmares and get up at night shouting about things. Then mummy came to see what was wrong. We all had good fun.

Eileen Ramsay, P4.

MY NEW PETS

To-day I went to town to buy two new pets, goldfish. One is gold with a black stripe, and the other is nearly silver with a gold tail. We have not decided on names yet, but mummy says they remind her of Brasso and Silvo so we may use these names.

John Johnston, P4.

PASTURES NEW

We will arise and go now, and go to Forthill new,

A stately pile is built there, of stones and mortar made;

Three storeys does it have there, a gym. and dining hall too,

A place to play in the concrete glade.

And we shall have no peace there, for teachers are coming too,

Coming with books and blackboards and other "lovely" things;

There everything's a glimmer, all shining bright and new,

And a bell which automatic rings.

Alan Hall, P6.

THE 14th OF JULY

Last summer when I was in France for my holidays I was lucky enough to be there on the 14th of July, when the French celebrate the anniversary of the Storming of the Bastille which marked the outbreak of the Revolution.

At sunset on the evening of the 14th everyone in the village attended a service in the church. After the service a procession of children lined up in the village square. Each child carried a large branch at the end of which was a paper lantern lit by a candle. Once they had walked round the village, led by the village gendarme and the priest, dancing started in the square until midnight.

As the clock struck twelve the great day finished with a firework party.

Sheila Simpson, P6.

A DAY OUT

While holidaying in Southport, Lancashire, we went to see a hovercraft. This journey proved to be interesting as we had to travel to Liverpool and then across the River Mersey by ferry.

Leaving our car in a car park, we embarked on a ferry. Once across the Mersey we boarded a bus bound for Leasowe. There we waited for the arrival of the hovercraft. When it eventually came who should get off but Ken Dodd, a famous comedian. After seeing the hovercraft's departure we had a picnic and a sail up the Mersey. As it was high tide we saw numerous ships bound for the sea. We then left Liverpool and back to Southport.

Andrew Fox, P6.

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A CHANGE OF SCHOOL

Excitement has built up during the past two weeks since we were told that we were moving up to our new premises at Forthill. During this time boys and girls of Primary 7 were called upon at intervals to help load and unload boxes of books and other school materials. On the last day of being in the old school work had practically ceased. At the week-end pupils eagerly awaited Tuesday morning and the day which was to be the best school day they had ever experienced.

The new school is composed of two parts. The main section contains twelve rooms among which is the music room. The infant classes are at the other end of the school and are near the Gymnasium. Other rooms are the Medical Room, Assembly Hall and the Staff Room. Now the excitement is over and we will have to settle down and work very hard for our exams are imminent.

D. Hunter, P7.

EXIT GROVE PRIMARY

This year witnesses the end of Grove Primary School which is to be replaced by an ultra-modern Forthill Primary School.

Grove Primary has been a school in its own right since 1948 when it replaced the Primary Department of Grove Academy. Over the years the number of pupils have ranged from three hundred and fifteen to three hundred and sixty, while the staff usually consisted of around fourteen teachers. Mr Crabb, the last Rector of the school, has held the post since 1958.

The new Forthill Primary will serve the northern half of Broughty Ferry and the whole of Forthill. It has been built especially to accommodate children from the new housing estates being built in the Forthill district. The total number of pupils at the new school is expected eventually to reach six hundred and fifty.

EDITOR.

SMOKE

Smoke to me is completely unknown,
For I live in a smokeless zone.

Coal Black Sambo, III.E.

Obituary

For the second successive year the school has been shocked and saddened by the death, in a road accident, of a senior pupil. On Sunday, 17th May, Nolan Glynne Adamson was taken from our midst only a few days after finishing her Scottish Certificate examinations.

Nolan was a girl of great personal charm, the soul of courtesy, the essence of happiness — a delight to teach. A devoted Church Youth Fellowship and Sunday School worker, she also enjoyed to the full the companionship of her school-mates, earlier on the hockey field and, most recently, in the chorus of the school opera, where the lack of her cheerful presence was immediately and poignantly felt.

Teachers, prefects and some of Nolan's closest friends were among the many who attended the graveside service in Shanwell Cemetery, Carnoustie, bewildered by the loss of such a young and vital life, but anxious to pay tribute to the memory of its fullness.

Let One, most loving of you all,

Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall;

He giveth His beloved, sleep."

K. W. D.

INTER-HOUSE DEBATING COMPETITION

This year for the first time an inter-house debating competition was held in the school, sponsored by the Abertay Rotary Club, which provided a handsome trophy for the winning house and book tokens for the individual members of the team. The competition took place on 31st March and was won by Craigie whose team consisted of Stewart Lamont, Natalie Clark and Jeffrey Lock. Stewart Lamont and Annette Pickard won the prizes for being the best individual speakers.

Editor.

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SECONDARY SECTION

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

I measure six feet three inches in my socks — so everyone calls me Tiny. Ah well, I suppose it is better than being fat and called Jumbo or Ton Up.

Being as tall as I am has all sorts of advantages and disadvantages, some obvious and some I am sure you would never think of. For instance, if a teacher has a casual question he wants to fire at a class with no particular pupil in mind, more often than not it is I who am called upon to answer it. I stick out in class like a sore thumb so his eye cannot help falling on me. I am certain that, because of being exceptionally tall, I answer more questions in class than a pupil of normal height.

More obvious disadvantages spring to mind. Clothing is an expensive item for me. When I was in the third and fourth year and my height was shooting up I grew out of two blazers and two sets of trousers a session. My feet are in proportion to my height. I still do not take kindly to having my shoes referred to as "battleships" and "herring boxes without topses."

Do not mention bus fares to me. I started being involved in arguments about paying half-fare or full fare early in the third year. It reached such a stage that I dreaded boarding a bus. My tussles with conductresses (yes, conductresses are always worse than conductors) developed into something like a funny music-hall act, always following a set pattern:

"A half to Dundee, please."

"Camaffit."

"I beg your pardon."

"Dinnagiemethat. Ye'reaful!"

"I beg your pardon."

"Ye pey full fare — or else."

Still, being tall has its compensations. I enjoy a grandstand view of most things. And I must admit that it is one of the minor pleasures in my life to plonk myself down in front of someone I dislike so that I have a clear view of the proceedings and at the same time block the view of the person behind. Mind you, I sometimes have to turn a deaf ear to the sullen mutterings from behind, but, through the years, I have become quite good at that.

Tiny, VI.

My name is Leslie Mason, but almost everyone calls me Tich. I am just four feet tall. Because I am so small I reckon most people in the school know me and like me.

Boys of my size can crawl through the turnstiles at Dens or Tannadice quite easily, but personally I am not very fond of football matches. Whenever I go to one someone with a great, broad back always seems to come and stand right in front of me so that I can never see a thing.

Being small I find it easy to "nip" in and out of crowds. **Leslie Mason, II.E.**

I measure under four feet. My nickname is JoJo, or Little Jo, like the famous tennis player, Little Mo.

Clothes are a big difficulty for me. I can never buy fashions ready to wear from the shops. My mum has either to make clothes for me or alter any garments we buy from the shops so that they can fit me.

Being small is handy in a crowd and I can usually squeeze in and find a seat in a packed train or bus but, altogether, I am not very happy with my worm's eye view of life.

Josephine Henderson, 1B.

A BULLFIGHT

Last summer when I was touring France and Spain with my parents I went to a bullfight in the south of France. Bullfighting is one of the most favoured sport there and people pack the arenas — some of them dating from Roman times — to enjoy "death in the afternoon."

They sit expectantly and excitedly in the crowded stadium. There is a babble of loud chatter. Suddenly there is a loud blaring fanfare of trumpets and all the Picadors, Matadors and Toreadors come into the ring in a definite formation and parade about in all their bright splendour. The bullfight has begun!

First to perform is the youngest of the bullfighters. Before the bull is released the young bullfighter paces nervously about, taking off his hat and receiving a sword from one of the attendants who are all round the ring.

There is a great roar. The bull is out!

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Then the long tussle begins between the nimble, light-footed bullfighter and the massive, horned bull. The bullfighter aims to tire the bull out and then kill him with a thrust of the sword in the neck. The bull rages about and, taking great risks, the bullfighter sets about his long task of tiring and then killing him. The crowd now sits silent, fascinated.

Bullfighting can be a long, bloody, sickening business. Eventually the bull is reduced to an exhausted, bleeding hulk with five swords in his back. Perhaps the bullfighter may be unable to administer the kill then horses come into the ring and pull the poor, suffering bull out — to death and oblivion.

I do not like bullfights. They are dreadful spectacles.
Joyce Mackie, II.C.

FEEDING THE HUNGRY

I have just come to Britain from Africa where I lived from the age of six months on. As I grew older I was shocked to see how much suffering the African natives go through.

When you walk into an African village you naturally expect to see healthy children playing in the courtyards, but you don't. You see African natives sprawling in the sun covered with ticks and flies making them weak. The native children have bloated tummies because they eat too little "Posho" (African food of little health value). They are usually covered with scabs and scales so that you feel sick to look at them.

When you leave the village you see few Africans, but when you approach the towns the hideous sights start all over again. Natives plagued with leprosy and deformed with elephantiasis roam the streets begging for a few cents. You say to yourself, "Why don't they go to leper colonies?" Well, the answer is that they are too frightened to go. The native think that once in they are never seen again.

Organisations in Britain like Oxfam have started helping the natives. More and more money is being sent out to feed and clothe them. Even yet some Africans are too obstinate to take charity, but more and more of them are grateful to us for helping them. Thank goodness, for they need all the help they can get.
Lynda Bumpstead, 1B.

FOSTER MOTHER

There was a hen o' Tupperty,
That hatched a brood o' ducks.
She took them tae th' water's side
Wi' prood maternal clucks.

Sax fluffy teds she launched intae th' dam
Syne — in stapped she
And waided whilst they a' swam!

She blinkéd lang at me,
Syne, pinting oot a duck,
"Cluck!" she said, just "Cluck!"

Joan Smith, I.A.

FREEDOM

Horses galloped o'er the plains
With flowing tails and flying manes,
Rugged coats, and big brown eyes
Gazing upwards at the skies.
Blue hills far towards the West,
But here the grass grows at its best.
Here the horses full of glee
Reared and bucked so happily.
Here their lives are free from care
As they sniff the moorland air.
As they whinnied joyfully
I was glad that they were free.

Christine Moffatt, 1AX.

FOLDGINGER

H summoned me to his office. It was a small, lavishly furnished room. The carpet had a deep pile. As usual H. left me standing and did not offer me a seat. No one ever sat in H's office. And, as usual, H carried on with his deskwork, ignoring my presence. Everyone in the organisation, whatever his level, received this treatment from H. Suddenly H. spoke, still working on a report card.

"Look, 007, I am not satisfied with the standard of work I am getting from you. There's only one secret to success in this set-up — hard work. Everyone in my organisation must make full use of his talents."

I had heard this from H. every Thursday morning for the past three years. I stopped listening to the torrent of words and left shortly afterwards.

Some time later a thought dawned on me. I should be in easy street if I could get possession of the computer belonging to the

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1st XI. FOOTBALL

Back Row (left to right) — G. Overs, C. Gillies, B. Whyte, A. Fowler, A. Anderson, G. Squire.
 Front Row — A. McLeod, R. Wallace, S. Rattray, R. Keenan, G. Robb.



1st XI. BOYS' HOCKEY

Back Row (left to right) — R. Beedie, R. Bayne, R. Davidson, I. Smith, M. Ramsay.
 Front Row — W. Huffington, S. Lamont, A. McBeth, I. Currie, B. Beath, I. Johnston.

The Deomen of the Grobe





A. M. B.
A. B.



PRIMARY FOOTBALL

Back Row (left to right) — T. Aberdein, D. Norrie, R. White, D. Miller, C. Schofield, D. Hunter.
Front Row — C. Thomas, S. Wilson, F. Milne, N. Saunders, S. Rutter.



UNDER-13 FOOTBALL

Back Row (left to right) — A. Mills, F. Douglas, D. Bowman, R. McIntosh, M. Carnegie, D. McNeill, W. Jackson, Mr Hoskins.
Front Row — G. Kindlin, G. Kidd, I. Phillip, L. Dick, L. Brewster.

Society of Mark Evaluators and Regulators of Schoolhouses, SMERSH, for short. This is the agency that compiles exam. papers and assesses levels of performance. I decided to take action.

I decided to travel to town in comfort. I took the crack Monifieth-Broughty Ferry-Dundee Express. Five minutes later I was installed in the comfort of one of its deep leather-covered seats enjoying the Woodbine fug air conditioning. Boy, this was travelling in style.

Soon we were flashing along by the Tay. This is where I breed my man-eating piranhas and keep my hand in at the week-end at tossing blazing barrels of petrol from my speedboat. Everyone should have a hobby, I feel.

Soon we were nearing Dundee, the bustling Chicago of the North, the get-up-and-go city. Dundee has a unique atmosphere all of its own. This uniqueness can be expressed in one word — Jute.

So we thundered into Central Station, Dundee. I decided once again to travel in comfort to the SMERSH office. I took a bus. In Dundee this is travelling in the lap of the gods.

I had just settled myself in my seat when she appeared. She was beautiful. A shiny sheen of yellow hair fell over her shoulders, her nose was finely chiselled, her eyes were pools of limpid blue, her mouth was large, her lips firm. She spoke: —

"Fares, please. Ye'll ken mae again, Jim, won't ye?"

As we sped along Main Street, Dundee, I appreciated that Dundee fully merited its reputation of a get-up-and-go city. It was so shabby and ugly it would make anyone want to get up and go.

I got off at the SMERSH office. I decided to see Mister Big. I was quickly shown into a sparsely-furnished office dominated by a Salvador Dali abstract. Mister Big, a heavily built individual with a massive bulbous head, was finishing off a brunch of yoghurt and marmalade at his desk. He glowered at me over pince-nez spectacles.

"Look, Mr Big, I'll come to the point at once," I said. "Can you give an assurance that I'll get a good S.C.E.?"

"No."

"Not even on my past record?"

"No."

"Can you hold out any prospects for me at all?"

"No."

I was shown out. As I went down in the lift I realised how Mr Big merited his alias of Dr No. I let my imagination dwell on the prospect of him writhing in a coating of arsenical gold paint or buried under a load of guano. I rather enjoyed the latter.

007, IV.

(Licensed to fill two columns.)

CASSIUS A.D.B.C.

Ma name's Cassius an' Ah am de greatest murderer dis world has ever seen an Ah'm glad ta have ya know me. Ah am a citizen of dat noble ole city Rome an Ah hate dat big ugly bear, Julius Caesar. Ah'm kinda sore 'gainst him 'cos he wouldn't 'low me join his army — said Ah failed his aptitude test. So

"Ah'm gonna show dat stoopid old hack,

I'll stick ma dagger in his back."

Ah reckon then Ah'll retire to devote maself to writing ma fabulous poems an' singing ma love songs 'cos Ah am de greatest an' Ah'm too beautiful to go on fightin'!

"When Caesar comes into dat senate room,

Ma dagger will spell his doom an' gloom."

Caesar must fall. He don' deserve to be de King 'cos he ain't nu'tin' but an ugly ole mountain bear an' kings is all handsome like me and so Ah'm gonna wup 'im an' wup 'im good. Caesar must fall. Ah jes' don' care nu'tin for what you other folks say 'cos Ah'm gonna make you take back an' eat yore words. Ah am de greatest! Ah **must** be de greatest! Ah'm too beautiful an' intelligent not ta be de greatest!

Ronald Davidson, VI.

A TAYSIDE BEAT

In an interview with one of our committee a local pop singer from Broughty's answer to the Cavern — the Grove — gave his views on the modern generation.

"Persnully speakin', ye kin quote me as gaein' on reckirt t' say Eh um ded satisfied wi' the modern generashun. Course, some o' their ehdeas are no as good as oors. Fer-

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instance, the Mods. That lot wi' ther hair hingin' ower ther jeckets and ther jeckets sweepin' the flair. Ther troosers are far ower tight and its a wunder they kin walk ataw. Ane o' meh mates, Mick Jagger o' the Rollikin' Boulders looks sumfin like that. But he can sing, they other Mods canna.

Then thers that other set, the Rockers. The're all dawld up to the nines. Look proper cissies wi' there snuff and greasy plestered doon hair.

Speaking o' hair, mine is getting guy lang and its now scratchin' meh back. The kirbies in it hav' got stuck and are near killin' me. They say that's how the shake started. Some lad got some kirbies stuck doon his back and started jumpin' aboot. Then a band got the bug (the beetles) and a new beat craze started. Well, Eh'll hae ta go cause Eh hae a recordin' sesshun in the Pool."

"You mean **you** are going down to Liverpool?"

"Naw, Em going tae th' Overgate; its ae full o' puddles of water."

"Mod Rockerfella."

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS

Our house used to be paradise until a new set of neighbours, the Mahoneys, moved in. At once they proved themselves the rowdiest family in the whole neighbourhead.

For the last twenty years a quiet old spinster, Miss Brown, lived above us. Her sole interest in life was her dog, and she herself was quiet as a church mouse. We never heard a sound from overhead. With the arrival of the Mahoneys things have changed completely.

From down below we get the impression that the Mahoneys wear clogs and are doing a war dance all the time. The noise never stops.

This noise reaches its peak at the weekend. I am a Dundee supporter, but Mr Mahoney's drunken rendering of "Hail! Hail! The Dee Are Here" at 3 a.m. on Sunday morning stretches my loyalty to the limit. And all the local layabouts and riff-raff seem

to congregate at the Mahoney's Saturday night "booze-ups" to swell the chorus.

Mrs Mahoney has two annoying habits. She seems to make a point of moving furniture in the middle of the night. She does her housework — if that, in fact, is what she is doing — in night-shifts. And Mrs Mahoney is a great borrower. She uses our house as her own personal self-service store. Each week, without fail, she comes to my mother and asks for "loans" of tea, bread and sugar. Of course Mrs Mahoney is never very diligent about returning these "loans." The only thing the Mahoneys are diligent about is collecting their dole money. And the Mahoneys' borrowings do not stop at food. Have **you** someone who comes to **your** door regularly and asks for a loan of easy chairs and your spare bed? Mrs Mahoney does, and without a qualm.

The Mahoneys, of course, have a litter of "kids." On my last reckoning they numbered nine. All nine of them, it seems to me, are racing certainties for Barlinnie. They make a point of staying off school on Monday to swing on my mother's washing line and dirty her washing. They can make newly-washed clothes "blacker than black" in a twinkling of an eye. The Mahoney mongols also specialise in instant demolition; they can reduce a parked car to a mass of spare parts in no time.

You would be wise not to mention cars in our household. Last year my father bought one. It was the biggest mistake he ever made. As soon as he drew up at the door with it the Mahoneys came swarming round like wasps about a pot of honey. From that moment they never stopped "cadging" lifts from us. My father seems to run a regular service to Dundee for them and he has on occasion driven them as far afield as Edinburgh and Aberdeen. Sadly we now accept the fact that **our** car has become **their** car.

One of these days we are going to get into our car and drive off, leaving the Mahoneys undisputed masters of our block. We know when we are beaten. **D. B., IV.D.**

HOME, SWEET HOME

Our seventeen-year-old son came in from a run on his motor-cycle, limping slightly and with his hand bandaged.

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"How did it happen?" I asked. I was rather proud of this question. It was straight to the point, hitting the proverbial nail on the metaphorical head, so to speak. Just such a question might have been asked at a trial.

"I fell." The terse reply disappointed me. It seemed too brief, leaving out the meaty details.

"How did you fall?"

"I lost control of my balance slightly." It struck me the lad was being deliberately evasive.

"If I lose control of my temper you will, as a consequence, suffer an additional injury."

"Don't talk to the boy like that," said my wife, "you'll give him a complex or something like that."

"I'll give him something more painful to his ear than a mere complex if he persists in these wisecracks. I'm the wisecracker in this family."

"I hope," my wife said to the accused, "that you weren't racing down the High Street again, David."

"I was," he confessed.

"You idiot," I shouted. The last time you did that you broke your arm. If you keep on like this something serious will happen, like the paint on the motor-cycle getting scratched."

"I bent a footrest and the front mud-guard," he said almost proudly.

I raced to the back door to inspect the machine. The position was as reported. I returned at the gallop.

"You . . . You . . . You . . ."

"Enough of that language!" cried my wife.

"The boy's a careless fool," I said. I made this proclamation in an authoritative tone as if it were a fresh discovery, but it had actually been apparent for several years.

"He takes after your side of the family," I informed my wife.

"I've been reading an article on heredity," she said. "It said that the offspring receives

half his chromosomes from his mother, half from his father. Maybe he's careless from my side and a fool from yours."

"We are wandering from the point," I said. "The point being that this son of yours is a clumsy oaf. He can scarcely make the simplest move without hurting himself. Hits his head every time he enters the shed; hits it again on the way out."

"He's growing fast," said my wife.

"One bad accident could put a stop to that," I predicted.

"Maybe the poor dear is accident prone," she said.

"Just another word for clumsy. If people took greater care people would be safer." Having uttered these priceless words of wisdom I threw myself back into a chair, grasping my jacket lapels like a prosecuting counsel.

"I've also been reading an article on astrology," said my wife. "It says people born under Sagittarius are accident-prone. David is under Sagittarius."

"Oh, is he?" I said, "He's lucky he's not under arrest for reckless driving."

"It also said Sagittarians like speed and take lots of risks. That explains . . ."

"That's not evidence," I cut in. "He's just like your father. Thick-headed, ham-fisted, fingers like thumbs."

"My father was under Sagittarius too."

"Why must you always bring spookery and abracadabra into the conversation. I'm a Sagittarian too, but you don't see me rushing about hurting myself."

"Look out, Dad, your chair's tipping back."

I caught a glimpse of their shocked faces between my knees as I sped over backwards. I did not see them again until the next day when they both visited me in hospital. As they were leaving I told my son to go carefully, but I don't suppose he will take any heed.

D. Allan, V.B.

Garage Hand: "Well, Madam, what can I do for you?"

Woman: "I want you to weld a piece to my dipstick. It doesn't seem to reach the oil."

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The Caledonian Express

Friday, 10th May, 1039

My Wonderful Husband

By LADY MACBETH

Talking to "Express" Staff Reporters

A Scottish Queen reacted swiftly last night to the allegations about her husband made in a certain Sunday newspaper. Her eyes, red-rimmed from weeping and lack of sleep, the Queen, attractive, dynamic Lady Macbeth (53), looked sadly round their comfortable, 39-apartment castle and spoke of the past — and the future:

"I know what they are all saying, but I still love my husband and believe in his innocence. I know it is my duty to stand by him despite these filthy things they have been saying.

"They say it was a guilty conscience that made him see Banquo's ghost, but **only I know the truth**. You see, I never was a very good cook — we always had servants at home — and so what they thought was guilt was in fact — **indigestion**.

"Oh, I've been a fool. I blame myself for all that has happened. To think that all his great qualities should be so easily forgotten.

"Oh, these people are **wicked**. These rumours are **evil**.

"Why, what do they know of the struggles he had to get himself where he was? His family were so poor that they could not even afford to buy talcum powder, and for the first few **vital** years of his life Macbeth had to rough it.

"As a boy his friends called him Leopard — but not because he was strong and fearless — just that he was always coming out in **spots**. Things that would have defeated lesser men he survived and made himself the great man he is to-day.

"Now he is to be **ruined** by this awful whispering campaign. My own health is suffering. I can't sleep. Sometimes I think I can't go on much longer. I'm running out of tapers."

Footnote.—Last night the Macbeths moved quietly out of their home for a secret hideout in the country. According to their porter, they left no forwarding address.

A. G. Smith, VI, and S. J. Lamont, V.



Lady Mac. yesterday. Photo by "Express" man C. F. W.

NINE LIVES — AN ANTHOLOGY OF CATS

In the last two magazines we have had an anthology of bliss and an anthology of pet hates, almost all contributed by pupils of upper classes in the school. This year, with T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats" as our mentor, we give an anthology of cats compiled by First Year pupils.

The extracts come for the scripts of this term's English exam. where one of the topics set for discussion in the composition section was "The Story of My Life," by an Old Cat:

I leapt energetically through the grass until I came to a big brown mound. It was all furry like me — only harder. It was asleep, whatever it was, and would not wake up when I called. I encircled it again and found a tail — so I bit it. The thing awoke with a big noise. That was my first encounter with a dog.

Carol McKenzie, 1c.

One day I decided to climb up a tree in an orchard next door to us. I jumped up on to the coal-bin then jumped on to the wall. I then jumped down on to the grass and who should come along but Basher, the orchard dog. He did not see me at first, but when he did he let out a loud bark then proceeded to chase me. I think I got up that tree in two and a half seconds flat. Afterwards, when the orchard watchman came by he was surprised to see Basher under my tree while nearby some boys were climbing up another tree for the apples. You should have seen his face! It went red, purple, green then white with rage. (I think humans turn very queer colours when they are angry.) Poor Basher! The telling-off he got! And the words that watchman directed at me! A trooper could not have done better . . . Anyway, I was able to get down and after that when Basher saw me he just walked away or just ignored me. (I still go into that orchard, just to annoy him.)

Muriel Bain, 1c.

Hello, I am Susie, an old Cheshire cat . . .

When I was small I lived on a farm with my mother and my brothers and sisters. We were a large family and really too much for the farmer to cope with so he decided to sell us. The cheek of it! . . .

One day the girl decided that she wanted a dog. So next day along came a dog — a

fierce dog who chased me all the time (except when he was eating or sleeping, of course). I can tell you I had had enough of it so I decided to run away.

Kay McDougall, 1A.

I am an old cat called Mitsy. I am called this because I am black all over except for my paws which are white. They look as if they have white mitts on them . . .

The little girl can hear me sometimes at night running up and down the piano pressing my white paws on the keys.

Jean Mullen, 1B.

Hello. I'm Kipper. I'm a ginger Tom.

Dorothy Norrie, 1Ax.

One morning a little boy, aged about six or seven, came into the pet shop. As there was a queue he began to look at the animals. He wanted to stroke a rabbit, but as he could not reach it through the bars of the cage he opened the door to do so. Afterwards he did not close the door properly. He wandered off to stroke a dog. Then suddenly, Clatter! Clash! The rabbits were free and the dog was chasing after the rabbits! In his surprise the proprietor dropped a mouse he was examining so that all the women in the shop started screaming. More animals got loose—and it was utter chaos in the shop. It took all day to repair the damage, but in the confusion I had escaped. I was better off out of that madhouse.

Allister Knott, 1B.

I was met by a fat, pompous lady who wore a mass of necklaces and a pince-nez. She was dressed in a mink coat. She ran up to me screaming, "Sammy, Sammy, at last you've come!" and, of course, I did not like that. Then she picked me up and covered me with wet kisses and I liked that even less, so I scratched her. "One of the best I've done in years," I thought complacently. But I rapidly came to my senses when I found myself dropping groundwards too rapidly for my liking. And I heard the lady's high-pitched voice saying, "Ugh, take that horrible beast away!" Really! I was most offended . . . The lady's name I discovered was Mrs Gas-cogne Revington-Smith Brown. I was petted and slopped over and fed until I nearly burst.

THE SHAKESPEARE SUPPER

"Large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round."

Photograph by courtesy of "Broughty Ferry Guide and Gazette."





1st XI. GIRLS' HOCKEY

Back Row (left to right) — Sandra Leece, Hilary Walker, Grace Cumming, Annette Pickard, Isobel Carrick, Marjory Gall.
Front Row — Anne Malcolm, Aileen Moir, Laura Pringle, Joyce Davies, Maureen Chisholm.



CRICKET

Back Row (left to right) — A. Smith, I. Nicoll, I. Johnston, R. Keenan, G. Robb.
Front Row — K. Schofield, R. Beedie, B. Whyte, S. Rattray, S. Lamont, J. Jamieson.

I do not like a hard life, but I do not like a soft one . . .

I was so happy that I went out and caught an extra big rat for the sergeant's wife — not that she was very pleased when I dropped it on her best carpet, but never mind.

Alison Gunn, 1Ax.

I am a big tabby cat called Tibby . . .

As I was prowling along the road I heard a choir of cats singing on top of a wall. I jumped on to the wall and asked if I could become a singer as well. They all agreed except for one black cat who spat at me in anger. From then on we sang every night on top of the walls to the humans. Often the humans flung open their windows and shouted applause, or something . . .

There was a table in the room and on it were many furs. This aroused my suspicions and I asked the other cats why they were there. They told me that they had been kidnapped too. Then I realised what the man was up to. They kidnapped cats and skinned them. I realised that we must escape. That night, when all was quiet, we streamed out of the window and along the lane. What a queer sight we must have been.

Anne Kettlewell, 1A.

I am black and white (white mostly) with a tattered ear, a reminder of my younger days when I held the leadership of the cats in my street. Then it was that I had to fight old Pussikins, an old wily cat with plenty of experience, while I was just a young inexperienced one.

One day, or rather night, I challenged him. I had heard a lot about him and knew what he was going to do. I dived at him. In mid-air I changed my course so that he went sailing past me, and while he was turning round I leapt on him. There was a dreadful scuffle until Old Pussikins suddenly mauled my face — a thing he had never done before. I then realised that he was weakening. I made a pounce at him and he ran away. He joined me the next night to be one of my most faithful followers. On that night we made such a racket that all the humans round about came to their windows.

Muriel Bain, 1C.

I followed an old woman to her house to see if she would take me into her home, but no. She would not. I realised this when she threw me out. She loathed cats. I again followed a person. This time it was a lady with a young baby. I thought she might take me in seeing she had a baby, but when I was in her house she shoved me out . . . she had a canary.

Moirs Endersby, 1C.

One day I fell in love. She was the **beautifulest** female cat I had ever set eyes on. She lived next door and when I first saw her at the window with her white fur shining in the sunshine I knew that she was the one I had been looking for. When she said to me the next day that she had fallen in love with me, my happiness knew no bounds.

Muriel Bain 1C.

A fishmonger took me in thinking I was a stray. He decided to keep me.

At first things were hard as I was told to catch mice. This was something I could never do until one day I mastered the art. Actually it happened by chance. I was running after a mouse when I skidded on the shiny floor, hit the mouse and flattened him against the wall . . .

All went well until one day a stray cat came into the shop and started eating some fish. I noticed him and chased him out of the shop. Unfortunately the fishmonger saw me besides the remains of the fish and booted me out of the shop . . . I was on my own again — and hungry.

Leslie Dick, 1B.

MAYBE

"To be or not to be" is that not
the question?
To be a scholar in the language
of the Queen
And lift the heart of him, our
pedant pedagogue!
To be predominant in that art
And speak in fluent tongue
Of all things that have gone before
And are yet still to come!
Ah me! t'would be "As you like it."
But "there is a knocking" indeed.
'Tis but doubt that knows and says,
It is not yet to be.

W. S., III.(3).

JILL GASCOINE — ACTRESS

Jill Gascoine is leading lady at the Dundee Rep. This year she has played an amazing variety of rôles, tackling a new part each fortnight. One week she may be the worldly, sophisticated Mrs Battle of "The Breadwinner," and the next Mrs Puffin, a psychic Cockney char who has the audience splitting their sides with laughter at her antics.

In March a party of pupils from the upper classes at Grove filled the Rep for a special performance of "Twelfth Night." In the play Miss Gascoine had the part of Viola. We were so impressed by her performance and

left so curious about her life at the Rep that we decided, if possible, to interview Miss Gascoine for the school magazine.

Miss Gascoine kindly consented to answer our questions.

Q.—Where were you born and educated?

A.—I was born in London and educated in a Surrey grammar school, girls only.

Q.—Did you always want to be an actress?

A.—Yes, always.

Q.—What training for the stage did you have?

A.—I attended stage school on a part-time basis from the age of twelve until I left school at sixteen.

Q.—How long have you been at the Dundee Repertory?

A.—Since October, 1963. I was at several English "reps" before that.

Q.—Have you appeared in films or on T.V. at all?

A.—I had a part in the film "Pure Hell at St Trinian's" and I've had one or two small parts in T.V. plays.

Q.—Do you treat cabaret as an extension of your acting?

A.—Yes, I do really. I used to do some cabaret, but then I concentrated on my acting for several years. Now I've started doing some cabaret again I find that I'm a much better artiste. My acting really does help my cabaret act.

Q.—Of all the parts you have played, which part has given you the most satisfaction?

A.—Joan of Arc.

Q.—Is there any stage part you particularly want to play?

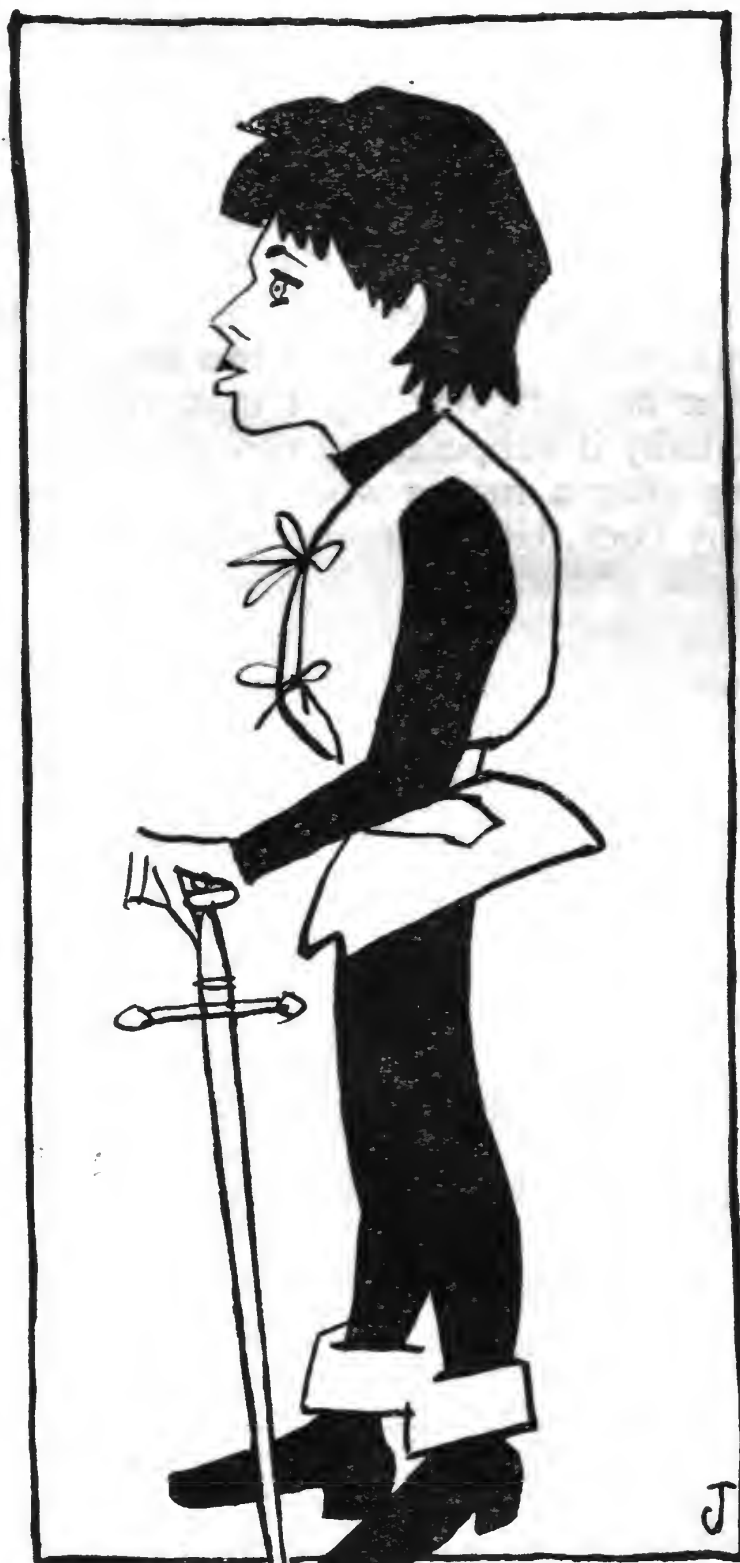
A.—Yes, Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing."

Q.—Do you consider Beatrice the greatest female character part created by Shakespeare?

A.—For me personally, as an actress, it would be. I would also like to play Desdemona, and, although I'd never be cast in the part, Ophelia. I would **not** like to play Lady Macbeth.

Q.—Assuming you had a free choice within the acting profession, which actor would you most like to play opposite?

A.—Albert Finney.



JILL GASCOINE

(Illustration by courtesy of the "Courier and Advertiser.")

Q.—Is there any difference between playing Shakespearean parts and parts in other plays?

A.—Yes, they're much harder.

Q.—What do you think of modern music, i.e., Paul, George, Ringo and John?

A.—When they first started I was determined not to like them, but I'm afraid I've been converted.

Q.—What about jazz or folk singing?

A.—Jazz, yes; folk singing only if it's very good. Folk singing can become terribly boring if it's not extremely good.

Q.—Who are your favourite singers?

A.—Frank Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald and Dinah Washington.

Q.—Do you have any hobbies?

A.—No, I haven't got any time.

Q.—What are your favourite authors?

A.—Salinger, and I read a lot of Tennessee William's plays.

Q.—Do you have any pet hates?

A.—Yes, Dundee Corporation buses.

Q.—What are your ambitions?

A.—Only to be a better actress than I am and, perhaps, to work with the National Theatre Company.

THE WORK O' THE WEAVERS

As Grove Academy's entry for the Saltire Society Competition for Schools, Classes 2E, 2EX and 3E made a project study of the jute industry in Dundee from both a historical and geographical point of view.

In the project Gillian Russell and Brian Reid interviewed three weavers who had worked at different periods in the jute industry.

The following extracts from the school's tape-recording of the reminiscences of the weavers illustrate in a fascinating way how, through the years, the jute industry has developed and how conditions have improved for jute workers.

Mr Young

"I'm seventy-nine. I started working in 1895. I was eleven then . . .

I started off as a bobbin-shifter and was paid 2/9½ a week. I was working half-time. That is, I worked three days a week half-time and carried on my schooling at Bridge Street Half-Time School the rest of the time . . .

We were a cheery crowd. Whenever a lad came to start work we played a trick on him. On his first day at work he would be sent up

to the machine shop for a "long stand." Some of them stood long enough! One apprentice stood there for two and a half hours!"

Miss Dunn

"I'm sixty-six . . .

I quite liked working in the factory. For most of the time I worked a 54 in. loom, making about £2 a week. At that time the factory was looked upon as being much better than the mill. You could see it in the dress of the workers. In the mills the women wore shawls or plaids, but in the factory they were far better dressed.

We were a happy-go-lucky lot. We worked from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., but sometimes we stayed out dancing all night to 5 a.m. It was square dances we did then, not the Twist!"

Mrs Traynor

"I like working here at the Camperdown Works. Conditions are pretty good. The hours are 7.30 or 8 a.m. to 12, then 1 to 5 p.m.

The wages you make depend on the size of the loom you work. If you work a four-yard loom you make about £12, but on narrower looms you only make £7 to £8 a week.

Weavers nowadays are better trained. Here they have a Training Department — something there never was before . . . The wages are good; you have more money in your pocket and time to enjoy swimming and dancing."

SOME IMPORTANT DATES IN THE HISTORY OF THE GROVE

1902—First Rector appointed.

1903—First Rector disappears.

1904—Second Rector appointed.

1905—Second Rector committed to asylum.

1907—Belt replaces guillotine as main method of punishment.

1910—Use of whip by teachers in classrooms prohibited.

1918—Part of playground subsides ten feet due to unsuccessful escape tunnel.

1920—Repainting of school.

1930—Painters finish repainting.

1931—First XI. Tiddlywinks Team win Scottish Golf Cup.

1932—School extension proposed.

1935—Extension built.

1936—Extension officially opened by Right Hon. Jim Smith. (Hailed as most modern bicycle shed in Scotland.)

- 1938—German Trade Mission visits school.
 1939—Germans threaten war unless trade mission is found.
 1939-45—School converted to air raid shelter.
 1950—Riding of bicycles prohibited in school corridors.
 1956—School commended for its research on "The Eating Habits of the Outer Mongolian Camel."
 1964—School magazine a complete failure.

J. E. L., VI.

THE SHAKESPEARE SUPPER

A Report by Holy Wullie

As soon as I put my nose into that hall I kent I was going to hate every minute o' it. I hate ga'en to places where a'boday is happy and is ha'in' fun. There they were — twa hunner young loons and queans seated at five lang tables scirling wi' laughter till the reef and rafters were dirling again. There was a noumber o' folk at the heid-table. Twa sonsy-like chiels stuck oot. Ane was a Mr Dron and the ither Mr Forbes, an Inspector.

Weel, this Dron lad got up and started to speak. A'boday was quiet, listenin'. Great roars o' laughter came at the jokes. I didna like the look o' things at a'. A'boday was too well behaved, a'thing was go'in' o'er weel. There was nathing here for me to get my teeth intil, nae muck for me to rake.

They settled doon for a banquet. A banquet, I ask ye! And here's me that's been living on breed an' cheese for the last twa hunner years! I had a quick keek at the menu. Ho! Ho! Here it was! Something for me at last! Ken what was written on that menu? Come closer an' I'll whisper it. Love-apple Pottage, Capon Pie and Sherris Flummery. Weel! That's foreign and suggestive language, is it no?

Weel, as usual, it seems I am wrong. At anyrate, I heard ane of they quick queans say to another, "Hey, look, Mary, they've even got the menu printed in Shakespearean English." Some billikie had obviously put a lot o' thocht into this; I had tae admit it. And they were nae passin' trashy grub off on the bairns under thae fancy, high-falutin' names. Each reaming plate o' chicken pie that passed me was the real McKay. And I was to get nane o' it! Me that was mangin' for a feed!

Weel, the gutsy limmers stuffed themselves for the next hour, then the boards were

cleared and they started in on the speechifying. To tell the truth it was a' abune me, but they — curse their souls — enjoyed it. They were lapping up this speechifying like cats supping milk. The reef never stopped dirling with their laughter. An' a' this time they were knocking back the lemonade. They were unco happy.

A' the chiels at the heid table spoke. The bairns never stopped laughting at the lad Forbes' speech. It was a brammer to a'boday but me. Even me was beginning to wish I had had the schooling for tae understand it.

Later on a wee birkie Lamont spoke. I thocht the reef would tummlie in at the laughs he got.

Then a Mr Hislop spoke. Man, it was a richt sermon he preached! Even I enjoyed it. He said that this Shakespeare Billie had had little Latin and even less Greek, but he had used his talents to the full. He was really preaching on the parable o' the talents, Matthew, Chapter 25.

More sermons like this and the kirks wad seen be full again. But what happens each Sunday? A doddering, auld gype comes staggering up to the pulpit and says, "Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes . . . to-day I will preach on Christian charity." Then he turns up Bartholomew's "Book of Sermons" and begins to read something that you vaguely remember him as having read umpteen times afore. So you hoost genteel-like, slip a pandrop in yer mo', adjust yer serious Sunday face — then proceed to tear to bits the folks about ye. There's Mrs McPlunk, you say to yourself, she's wearing a new hat. My goodness! What a colour! It would make a dog sick! And there's Miss McLeod. Thank goodness I am no sitting near her. She stinks o' moth balls. And there's Jock Tweedie. They say he has nae paid a bill for six months.

"Christian charity!" you say to yourself. What does this lot ken about charity? They think it's just popping a ha'penny in a tin-can for shipwrecked sailors. They hae not a kind word or a good thocht for one single soul. What a crowd!

But where am I? Oh, aye, Weel, when this lad Hislop had finished his sermon there was an explosion of applause. That reef was dirling again.

Then it was the turn o' a Mr Christie. He was a quiet-like billikie wi' lyart haffets. He soon had the loons and queans laughin' again. It was nae natural for folk to laugh sae loud and lang. I sat there hoping ane of them wad get lockjaw or burst a blood vessel, but no, nae luck.

The supper finished then. The loons and queans left after this, still gabbing and laughin'. They had enjoyed every meenite o' it. Me, I left that ha' sick, scunnert and spewin'. It's nae richt for things to go sae well, for folk to be sae happy, and this supper had been a success from first minute to last.

Holy Wullie.

THE SHAKESPEARE SUPPER

A Report by Julian Evelyn Faversham-Sprot Esq., Englishman

By Jove, it was a fine supper. Dear William himself would have enjoyed it. At one point I even thought the ghost of Banquo had appeared, but it turned out to be the chairman. Ha! Ha! Ha! Eh, what?

The singing and entertainment was jolly — and those speeches; they were excellent. Plenty of quotations, plenty of humour and plenty of good speakers to deliver them. They even had a chappie from the House of Commons to make a speech, Rule, Britannia, and all that.

The food was really spot on, scrumptious, what! I even partook of a second helping. "Gad!" says I to myself, "a few pints of sack and Falstaff himself would feel at home."

I'm not at all surprised they gave up that heathen habit of commemorating that Ayrshire peasant. What was his name again? Robert something. I mean to say he just isn't a patch on our Bill. Eh, what? It just isn't cricket to even compare him with Bill.

So Bill,

"As long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives thy supper and this gives life

J. E. F. S.

ROMAN ROCKERS

The press and television are not to blame for the recent outbursts of teenage violence — the real culprit is Shakespeare. Mods and Rockers, and indeed all those who wear the smashed deck-chair emblem, are no new institution. Shakespeare was acutely aware of their existence in Rome 2,000 years ago. He fosters and encourages their morals and ideals in his play "Julius Caesar," which contains definite proof of the outlandish dress and appearance and gang rivalry of the time.

Caesar himself was the chief offender. He deplored physical fitness.

"Let me have about me men that are fat," he says (Act II., Sc. II., l. 192).

There is also concrete evidence supporting the growth of pop musicians (?) at this time. Cinna, the conspirator, reports,

"What a fearful night is this! There's two or three of us have seen strange sights." (Act I., Sc. III., l. 136.)

Men became fashion conscious. They imitated their idol. Caesar, on seeing Brutus in the Senate House, gasps in amazement, "Doth not Brutus bootless kneel." (Act III., Sc. I., l. 77.)

However, Portia, Brutus' wife, is quick to his defence. "Brutus hath a suit," she says smugly. (Act II., Sc. III., l. 42.)

Rival fan clubs were formed. Caesar shows his dislike of a certain young man by ordering haughtily, "He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass." (Act I., Sc. II., l. 24.)

Mob violence was common. No less a personage than Mark Antony encouraged these outbreaks. In his forum speech before the Imperial Command Performance he says of a certain young drummer, "Yea (Yeah, Yeah), beg a hair of him for memory." (Act III., Sc. II., l. 135.)

Thus the responsibility for Clacton and Margate rests on the shoulders of the idols of the modern Shakespearian stage. It is not the television or press — it is Shakespeare.

Long John Fanlight, V.

OVERHEARD IN THE SIXTH YEAR ENGLISH STUDY

Indignant Pupil: Sir, you are just a Fascist.
Sir: Maybe — but a nice Fascist!

SHAKESPEARE QUATERCENTENARY CELEBRATIONS

This year to celebrate the quatercentenary of Shakespeare's birth, the Dundee schools combined to produce a few excerpts from Shakespeare's plays.

Quite a number of Grove pupils were involved in these productions. Those outstanding were Stewart Lamont, V., as Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," and Ronald Davidson, VI., as Antony in "Julius Caesar."

Other principals were Annette Pickard, IV., as Titania in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Alistair Smith, VI., as Antonio; and Neil McDonald, III., as Gratiano in "Merchant of Venice"; and Alan Cochrane, III., as Cassius in "Julius Caesar."

Holding smaller parts in "Julius Caesar" were Maureen Chisholm, IV., as Calpurnia, George Anderson, II., and Michael Philip, III., as servants, and Davis Paris, III., as Metellus.

The "Julius Caesar" extract was produced by Mr. Dron, while Mr. Soutar and Miss Swarbrick did the make-up.

A great deal of hard work was put into these productions and, thanks to all concerned, they were a great success.

WELL I NEVER — Part 1

In studying past editions of the "Magazine" we discovered several articles by members of the Senior School, who were at the time of writing in the Primary Section.

We thought that these articles, if subjected to a searching Freudian gaze, might reveal a portion of their true characters.

For instance in 1954 Douglas Irving discloses the fact that he sleeps under his bedroom when he wrote:

"My bedroom is tidy. It has a bed and toys under it."

Two years later Douglas displayed pantheistic tendencies which have long since been extinguished:

"In school we have some tadpoles, which are very very good."

Annette Pickard flashed on to the literary scene also in 1954 when she declared:

"I like the shoot in the park, I am to be a

little mother." (Wonder who will be the lucky father?)

The year before, that arty type, Al McBeth showed his poetic genius in the following little gem:

"Mummy's making marmalade, Douglas cooks the tea,

I can't do anything, 'cos I'm far too wee."

Not leaving it at this, Al was sadly relating the next year how, on a trip to Glen Clova:

"I fell in a ditch and soaked my trousers."

Even Better to Come

In 1954 the following piece of prose appeared in the Magazine:

"I dig in my little garden, and plant sweet-peas and asters. When the flowers grow, I pick bunches and give them to Mummy."

The author was none other than that he-man of the football pitch, Bruce Whyte.

Well, Fancy That!

WELL I NEVER — Part 2

Still occupied with the past, we came across the existence of an almost legendary figure known as Miss Mann.

Disregarding the possibility that she might be the sister of Manfred, we were led to inquire in the true T.V. commercial style:

What is a Mann?

"Miss Mann is fat wen she has on her fur coat."

"Miss Man teechs us eesee sums."

"Miss Mann has cut her haer short like me."

"Miss Mann gives us sums and swets." (What a difference an "e" makes.)

"I like Miss Mann's dog."

"I like Miss Mann wen there is no scoldings."

"I like Miss Mann."

"I saw Miss Mann wiff a man in the street." (Manfred, perhaps?)

From further past articles, we discover that Miss Mann is a fur-coated, brown-hatted lady who possesses a dog named Ping Pong, and who has good dress-sense and a particular aptitude for mechanical arithmetic.

But let's hope the tributes continue to pour in, because really, folks,

She's Doing a Grand Job.

Stewart J. Lamont, V.

Alastair G. Smith, VI.

MIX-UP

An Epic Poem

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
 "Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?"
 (This fell about the Martinmas
 When nights are lang and mirk.)
 Then spake King Arthur, breathing
 heavily:
 "Dundee is a nae bad toun;
 It's got a new brig and its biggings is brown.
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!"
 Then spake Sir Bedivere the second time:
 "The king is sick and knows not what he
 says."
 Then loud again cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
 "Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go,
 For now I see the true old times are dead."
 And slowly answered Arthur from the
 barge:
 "Oh, where will I get a skeely skipper
 To sail this new ship o' mine?"
 And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
 "Oh, to be in Australia, now that November's
 here."
 (Ah, bitter chill it was,
 The ice was here, the ice was there,
 The ice was all around.
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
 And milk comes frozen home in pail.)
 Then spake King Arthur, clothed with his
 breath,
 "Thou has betrayed thy nature and thy name
 Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
 Thy fealthy, nor like a noble knight."
 So spake he, clouded with his own conceit.
 To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
 "If I should die, think only this of me,
 That there's some corner of a foreign field
 That is for ever England."
 Then drew he forth the brand Excalibur
 Whereat with blade,
 With bloody, shameful blade,
 He bravely broached
 His boiling, bloody breast.
 The spoke King Arthur, faint and pale,
 "Oh, what can ail thee, knight at arms?"
 Then spake Sir Bedivere, much in wrath,
 "Help me hence. I am dead."

Poet Laureate, III.

Robinson Caruso was a great singer who
 lived on an island.

? ! ?

To-day I heard the first cuckoo.
 Pink Daffodils.
 Pharmacopœia, Phantasmagoria, Phlebotomy
 Visual aids room — quite a spectacle.
 1424 SR
 Harold Wilson v. Cassius Clay
 Runny porridge.
 Would the person who left the grand piano
 on the top of the No. 8 bus please contact
 R. B. F. in B2?
 Cold coffee
 Epexegesis, Eleemosynary, Encomium
 Scarves.
 Long live Percy Thrower — may all his
 Perennials be hardy.
 Last word
 Amen!

Mad Madge, V.

DOWN WITH THE HILLTOWN!

As was reported recently in the local press
 there is a scheme afoot to level the Hilltown.

The accumulation of cranes, excavators,
 grabs, bulldozers, etc., at the site of the Tay
 Road Bridge has been a mere blind to hide
 the ulterior motive of Dundee Corporation.
 This has been rendered more realistic by the
 erection of a papier-maché bridge.

At a recent Council meeting the reasons
 for this move were made apparent.

(1) The excavated earth is to be canned
 and exported to the U.S.A. at a large profit
 under the name of "Instant Scottish Mud"
 — add water to taste.

(2) It is hoped that it will then be a great
 tourist attraction as "A Genuine Scottish
 Space." This is what is known as a "Space
 Programme."

(3) As the Law is to remain otherwise
 intact a 1,000 feet precipice will be formed.
 This will be a great boon to all those stuck
 for a means of suicide.

The only protests were raised by two sport-
 ing organisations. These were:—

(1) The Carty Association did not want
 to be deprived of the main race track.

(2) The Dundee Ski-ing Club were also
 worried at the prospect of losing their run,
 but were consoled by the thought of pos-
 sessing the world's biggest ski-jump over the
 edge of the abovementioned precipice.

It therefore seems only a matter of time
 before the Hilltown disappears overnight.

I. D. C. and J. E. L., VI.

ODE TO THE TAY ROAD BRIDGE**(With Apologies to McGonagal)**

Oh! Beautiful Bridge of the Silvery Tay,
 How far, I wonder, will you progress the day?
 Your engines run non-stop to and fo,
 Your pink box girders perch high and low.
 Logan's proud men — they all say,
 "Ye'll be a beautiful bridge on the Silvery
 Tay."

But I wonder — will this one too
 Need buttresses, one or two?
 Or will it be left me to say,
 "Oh! Beautiful Bridge of the Silvery Tay,
 How many lives have you ta'en away?"

Stephen McIntosh, I.A.**AULD MACDOUGALL**

Auld Dougal Macdougall spent maist o' his
 life,
 In a tiny wee cot wi' his terrible wife.
 If she'd lived lang syne they'd hae ca'd her a
 scold,
 They kent what to dae wi' they bodies, I'm
 told.

Wi' a ring roond her neck she'd be tied tae
 the wa,
 Or dooked in a pond wi' her claes on an' a'.
 "They auld-fashioned customs," Auld
 Dougal wud say,
 "It's a peety they're no in existence the day."

Yvonne Cobb, I.A.**SCRAP-HEAP****The Pick of This Year's Howlers**

The banisters on the stair were made of
 rot iron. **Class I.C.**

Mrs Brotherton was irritable and dis-
 tempered. **Class II.E.**

Q.—Why was Alfalfa introduced into the
 Pampas?

A.—To put down a revolution.

Class II.D.

He had travelled wildly abroad.

Class IV.D.

(The girl in question was not referring to
 Dr Smith or Mr Stuart.)

He had an emacipated look.

Class IV.A.

Q.—Who was Karl Marx?

A.—He is one of three brothers. The other
 two are called Groucho and something. I
 thing he is pretty funny. **Class III.E.**

He looked casually over the rubbish-dump
 where some urchins were playing at trig.

Class V.

A large glass door affronts you with "The
 Und——ld" written in broad capitals across
 a glass panel. **Class IV.D.**

Q.—Name the three parts of Parliament.

A.—The basement, the ground floor and
 the first floor. **Class II.E.**

When we visited Goldberg's we took the
 axclavator to the top floor. **Class I.B.**

WHAT I THINK OF PREFECTS**A Matter of Opinion**

The Prefects? What are they?

Ruth Steele, 1T.

Prefects treat us like tiny tots,

Making us feel like little black spots.

Josephine Henderson, 1B.

Prefectus Barbaris, or Prefect as it is com-
 monly called, is the utterly untamable
 animal which inhabits the unexplored Sixth
 Year classes. These spine-chilling, ugly beasts
 terrify the ignorant natives of the dense,
 dark jungle facetiously termed the Grove.
 The chiefs of these tribes force the natives to
 treat the prefects like gods. Almost every day
 the poor terrified primitives bring sacrifices in
 the shape of pieces of paper on which are
 strange markings, usually fifty or a hundred,
 one under the other. **Zoologist, 1AX.**

Prefects are:—Pathetic

Rapacious (greedy)

Egomaniacs

Fools

Enemies

Clowns

Totally ignorant

Stupid

They are not:—Perfect

Reliable

Encouraging

Fine examples of humans

Elegant

Clever (other than Iain

Currie, but look at him)

Temperate

Socially acceptable.

Peter Harley, IV.A.

You are not allowed to curse in the school
 magazine, are you? **G. F., III.**



PRIMARY NETBALL

Back Row — Sheena Carrick, Larminie Nicoll, Shirley Madden,
Ann Burgess.
Front Row — Elizabeth Smith, Rae Borland, Florence Barnet.



BASKET BALL

Back Row (left to right) — J. Craik, J. Jamieson, O. Galloway, R. Beedie.
Front Row — D. Allstaff, T. Ferguson, G. Forbes, A. Cochrane.

SENTENCE COMPLETED

For me school is almost finished,
 Lessons and homework finally diminished.
 School has been a dreadful bore,
 If I could have done,
 I'd have left long before.
 No more football, no more gym.,
 No more troubles from "her" or "him,"
 No more starving at school dinners;
 They treat and feed us just like sinners.
 Truancy is a thing of the past,
 Finding excuses is ended at last.
 This is my story.
 When you come back next year
 I rejoice to say I'll not be here.

**Tom McCann, Jimmy Gray,
 Kevin Pine, Alan Smith, II.E(X).**

AT THE FOOT OF IT ALL

Aren't feet funny things? Go on! Take the plunge. Off with your shoes and socks. Now look at them! Fascinating, isn't it? Most probably they are dirty and smell terrible, but one must face up to the more sordid side of life. Fortunately there are only two of these things. Imagine having more! What a waste of soap and shoes. What would it be like dancing with a boy who had three left feet!

Toes! What good are toes? They just sort of "hing" on to the end of your dirty feet. Thank goodness they are rarely seen — except on the beach in summer, where many unusual things come to light!

Aren't they ugly? They can be big, small, fat, flat or henny-toed, and nearly all have corns and probably a few bunions thrown in for good measure.

Yet, in spite of these drawbacks, affectionate phrases have been coined through the generations. Notable examples are—"tickle your tootsies," "dainty pooties" and "pedal appendages." How could feet ever be dainty? There is even a poem (of sorts) to amuse the kiddies while they play with their aforementioned "tootsies." This ditty is about five unfortunate piggies. One who went to market, one who stayed at home, one who had roast beef and one who had none. The fifth (for we have five toes on each foot) went diddly, diddly, diddly all the way home. Enough said!

So next time you come to wash the blinking things (feet, I mean, not pigs) think of

the good they do and the fun we would be missing if we were without them.—Amen.

Madge, V.

P.S.—You can put your shoes on now.

THE "YEOMEN OF THE GROVE"

(All these quotations come from the
 "Yeomen of the Guard.")

Mr Dron — A man who would woo a fair maid.

Mr Forbes — I have a song to sing, O.

Mr Sturrock — Oh, mercy thou whose smile has shone, so many a captive heart upon.

Mr J. — Here's a man of jollity.

Mr Cain — Free from his fetters grim.

Mr Macquire — Head over heels.

Mr Williams — I've wisdom from the east and from the west.

V. Girls — When maiden loves she sits and sighs.

Miss Vandore — An ever-watchful guardian, eagle-eyed.

Mr Fulton — Dauntless he in time of peril.

The Highers — Oh, day of terror!

The "Dungeon" — Where a beetle black would creep.

The School Bell — Hark! What was that, sir?

The Grove — Within its walls of rock, the flower of the brave have perished with a constancy unshaken.

Gilbert and Sullivan, V.

MORE HOWLERS

Cromwell was thrown from his horse, suffered a fracture of the Feudal System and died from it.

Robert Browning married a sick poetess named Peaches, but after a while she got well enough to go on the stage and have a baby.

A Scout is a fiend to all and a bother to every other Scout.

The logarithm of a given number is the number of times the given number must be squared in order that the given number may be equal to this number.

When you breath you inspire. When you do not breathe you expire.

An oboe is an American tramp.

Homer wrote the Oddity.

Pope wrote principally in heroic cutlets.

ODE TO A DIPSO

(With apologies to J. Keats)

My head aches, and a drowsy numbness
 pains
 My sense, as though of Usher's I had
 drunk,
 Or emptied some dull Calsberg to the
 drains
 Two hours ago, and drunkenwards had
 sunk;
 'Tis not through envy of my double Scotch,
 But being too drunk in my own
 drunkenness
 That I, with bleary eyes and raucous voice,
 In some melodious pub
 Of drinking fame, and whiskies numberless
 Singest of Nelly in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of Tennants! that hath been
 Cool'd a long age in the Hoovermatic
 fridge,
 Reminding me of Flora, country wench,
 With rounded curves and flashing,
 sparkling eyes.

O for a beaker full of warm McEwan's
 Full of the true delightful beverage
 With the creamy foam lazing at the brim,
 Giving beery-stained breath;
 That I might drink and leave the pub unseen,
 And sadly fade away into my prefab grim.

Grim! The very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from stupor to myself.
 Adieu! The drink, it cannot cheat so well
 As it is famed to do, deceiving stuff.
 Adieu! Adieu! The drunken feeling fades
 From off my troubled brain, and my hot
 brow.

Still in the pub it yet is buried deep
 In some poor alcoholic's head.
 Was it a vision or a waking dream.
 Fled is my hangover — do I wake or sleep.

T. T. Drinkwater, VI.**Problems • Romance****AUNTIE JONATHAN****Answers Your Queries and Queeries**

Dear Auntie,—I am a girl in my final year
 at school and hold a position of some im-
 portance. Unfortunately I am not very tall
 and people are forever teasing me about it.
 Can you help me?

Tich, VI.

Dear Tich,—Read "Advantages of Being
 Exceptionally Small." If this does not help,
 try two cyanide pills in cold milk.

Dear Auntie,—For the past few months
 lying slanders have been spread around the
 school concerning my standard of play at
 football. They are saying that I am a vicious
 hacker, among other less complimentary
 phrases. What do you think I should do?
 Hooper, V.

Dear Hooper,—Rumours like this do not
 arise without foundation. I suggest that you
 play your next game in bare feet. You will
 be amazed at the difference.

Dear Auntie,—I am a girl in a mixed class
 and I am naturally friendly. A certain
 teacher, however, makes frequent embarrass-
 ing remarks about my friendships in front of
 the class. What can I do? Angry.

Dear Angry,—Teachers like this are a
 menace and must be shown their place
 forcibly. The next time he makes a personal
 remark a firm slap on the face should teach
 him a lesson.

Dear Auntie,—I had been going out with
 a girl for nearly two months when she went
 away to a camp at Aberfoyle. When she
 came back I discovered that she had been
 carrying on behind my back with one of my
 best friends and fellow prefects. I finished
 everything with her in a rage, but now I wish
 to speak to her again. I do not speak to that
 friend now. Can you make some suggestion?
 Lonely, VI.

Dear Lonely,—Don't make an ASs of
 yourself. She's not worth a Nicoll.

Dear Auntie,—I am a Fifth Year prefect
 and there is a certain Third Year girl whom
 I like very much. Do you think I should
 allow my position in school society to pre-
 vent me asking her to go out with me or
 should true love conquer all? Lou, V.

Dear Lou,—True love should conquer all!
 Be brave, ask her out. I'm sure the rest of
 the prefects won't really kill themselves
 laughing.

Compiled by John Meldrum, VI.

HOW TO SUCCEED WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

I suffer from a congenital disease — laziness. Teachers never stop reminding me of this. Mr P., who is pretty good at dissecting things, cuts me into ribbons for my laziness. Mr S. has said more than once that it is a wonder to him how I can bring myself to keep on breathing I am so lazy. A certain Maths teacher says I “epitomise all the shortcomings of the Fourth Year,” whatever that means.

Really, though, I am just misunderstood. In my own little way I think I am not lazy, just pretty good at labour saving. For instance, if I am sitting watching “The Flintstones” — as I usually do — and someone goes out of the living-room leaving the door gaping open — as they usually do — it seems daft to me to walk to the door and shut it. It is much more fun to sit on the settee and throw cushions at the door, trying to shut it in that way. I can always blame the mess on my younger brother. As I keep saying to Mum, “Ten-year-old boys behave in very queer ways. Fancy him scattering cushions all over the place!”

After five days of toil and sweat in that dark Satanic mill, Grove Academy, I find that on a Friday evening my nails are mucky. I do not like the idea of scrubbing them. That is too much like work and, besides, water is so disgustingly clean. So I cover the muck and grime with nail varnish. It is all good practice for “O” Grade Art. On Mondays, when Mr P. is sounding off about pancreatic juices, the demolition work begins and I scrape off the layer of nail varnish. (That is assuming I get off to school on Monday morning without Mum or Dad spotting the nail varnish at breakfast.)

On Friday nights my parents force me to take a bath. It seems to me plain daft to just lie there soaking in water, so from 10 to 11.30 on a Friday evening I am at my labour-saving best. In this period I combine bathing, music appreciation, eating and doing my “English ink” for Monday. Let me explain. First, the music appreciation. Before entering the bathroom I load my record-player with half a dozen L.P.’s. It has automatic change so I do not have to bother changing records. Dad will not let me have the record-player inside the bathroom in case I electro-

cute myself, so I place the record-player outside as near as possible to the bathroom door with the volume switched to high. This will explain the strange sight in the hall of the record-player blaring out “Bits and Pieces” at peak volume with no one in the immediate vicinity should you care to give us a call late on Friday evening.

Next, eating. I quite like eating when I am having a bath, but it is an acquired art. My usual menu is six cheese sandwiches, a roll with marmalade, three Jaffa cakes, a Yo-Yo and an apple. I also take a thermos of coffee in. When, on a Friday night, Dad sees me in my dressing-gown passing through the living-room with my tray of food, he always makes the same crack:

“What’s this? Stocking up for the 1966 Everest Expedition?” A real comedian is my Dad.

There I am in the bath — “Can’t Buy Me Love” blasting in my ear, a pile of food and a thermos at my elbow and one foot resting on the tap to release a douche of hot water as soon as the bathwater becomes too cold. It is in this situation that I set about tackling my English “inkie.” The breakfast trestle-tray from my parents’ bedroom, I discovered away back in the mists of history, fits nicely over the bath so I use it to write on and eat from. Mr T. foams at the mouth when he gets pages of my English ink book gummed together with marmalade or nicely patterned with a series of brown rings left by coffee cups, but at least I do the “flaming” exercise and, anyway, nobody else gives us an ink exercise to do **each** week.

Some two hours after having gone in I emerge from the bathroom — well washed, well fed, my brain singing with music and with my ink exercise done. Dad has a stock reaction which he reserves for my reappearance. “Doctor Livingstone, I presume,” he mutters as he races past me to the empty bathroom. As I said, a real “comic” is my Dad.

I suppose one of these days “I’ll have to come to grips with my character — if I have one,” as Mr T. says. Ah, well, who knows . . . one of these days . . . Still, I can’t be all that lazy. I **have** written all this, haven’t I . . . My goodness! What’s all this I’ve been saying about myself!

Cousin Bridget, IV.D.

CONVERSATION PIECE

"'Oo'?"

"Aye, 'oo'."

"A' 'oo'?"

"Aye, a' 'oo'."

"A' o' ae 'oo'?"

"Oh aye, a' o' ae 'oo'."

This is not, as you may think, a Goonish conversation between Eccles and Bluebottle or between two African natives discussing ingrowing toenails in Swahili. It is a conversation actually recorded in Scotland — to be precise, in Aberdeenshire where people are as "grippy" with words as they are traditionally supposed to be with money.

Let me explain the background. The conversation takes place between a canny farmer's wife and a shop assistant in a draper's shop. It is market day in a small country town. While the farmer is busy at the mart, his wife does her weekly shopping. She is carefully scrutinising a selection of woollen jerseys and is questioning the shop assistant closely.

Translated into Standard English their conversation goes as follows:—

"Wool?"

"Yes, wool."

"All wool?"

"Yes, all wool."

"All of one wool?"

"Oh yes, all of one wool."

Standard English can certainly learn a thing or two from the Buchan dialect when it comes to conciseness and getting to the heart of a matter.

Aberdonian, V.

SCOOP QUOTE

One running prefect was heard to say to another prefect running in the opposite direction at some unearthly hour, "Hi, there! You're later than I am."

Write an **informative** sentence about Malcolm Canmore.

Answer.—Malcolm Canmore got married and then he died.

ENEMIES?

Religion and Science.

Enemies?

Religion satisfies man's soul,
Acknowledges man's inferiority.

Science satisfies man's ego,

His aeroplanes, motor cars, trains, atom
smashers, radios, televisions, ships,
factories, hospitals.

His knowledge.

All show man's cleverness.

His independence.

Science claims man's superiority.

Enemies?

Yet

Man has shown

That Science shows

Complexity in all things,

Simplicity in all things;

Diversity in all things,

Unity in all things.

Chance?

Science says no.

Science demands

A planner,

A creator,

A God.

Religion and Science.

Enemies?

I. D. C., VI.

UNCEASING MYSTERY

To understand the mysteries of life

Is far beyond

The ability of man.

The complexities of this recondite universe

Stretch to the limit

Our powers of perception.

How can we provide

A meaning for the wonders round us?

When we cannot fathom

The miracle of our existence;

And so we must accept a reason for this life,

Which seems unending.

Generation after generation

Have passed from life,

To what? — The unknown . . . The ultimate.

The centuries of unceasing motion

Are leading to perfection.

Patricia Blair, VI.

Many Russian peasants were liquified by Stalin.

FACTS AND FIGURES

ROUND-UP OF THE CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

BOYS HOCKEY CLUB

President: Mr McQuire.
 Vice-Presidents: Mr Hamilton.
 Mr Lorimer.
 Captain: Iain D. Currie, VI.
 Vice-Captain: Brian Beath, V.
 Secretary and Treasurer:
 Alistair D. McBeth, VI.

The Hockey Club has completed another successful season with representatives in both the Midlands Schoolboys Team and the Scottish Schoolboys' Team.

The 1st XI. started the season in brilliant style by winning their first six matches for the loss of only one goal, defeating Aberdeen Grammar School on their home ground in the process.

As the season progressed results were not so promising, although in the last game of the season we defeated Madras College in an exciting game with Grove showing some of the skill and teamwork of their earlier successes.

Brian Beath (left-back), Iain Currie (inside-left) and Stewart Lamont (left-half) were chosen to play for the Midlands Schools Team. Iain Currie was also selected to play for the Scottish Schools in a Tournament involving the home countries at Edinburgh.

The Under-16 XI. had a very busy fixture list but ended the season having lost only two games. The 2nd Year XI played sixteen matches and was involved in some very high scoring, ending the season with sixty-six goals to their credit. The 1st Year XI. were as keen as ever, their top scorer being Norman Anderson, I.EX, who scored eleven goals.

The results of games played are as follows:—

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	Pts.
1st XI.	14	10	0	4	30	14	20
Under-16	18	11	5	2	52	22	27
2nd Year	16	9	1	6	66	44	19
1st Year	10	6	2	2	21	10	14

In the Six-a-Side Tournament Grove "A" Team got through to the semi-final, where they were beaten by Madras College. Black mark! Madras have been responsible for Grove's exit from this tournament for the past three years.

The Club again thank Mr McQuire, Mr Lorimer and Mr Hamilton for their never-failing interest in the Club and for their assistance in the running of the various teams. ALISTAIR D. MCBETH, VI.

GIRLS' HOCKEY CLUB

Captain: Laura Pringle, V.
 Secretary: Laura Pringle, V.
 Treasurer: Aileen Moir, VI.

The Club had another enjoyable and successful season this year.

At this year's Midlands Junior Hockey Trials Grove was represented by eight of the 1st XI. Of these, two girls, Aileen Moir and Laura Pringle,

were chosen to play for the Midlands team, with Aileen Moir as captain.

In the Midlands Junior Tournament, held at Morgan grounds, Grove did well and reached the semi-finals.

In this year's Staff v. Pupils match, the Pupils won 2-1 after some hard, exciting and sometimes unconventional play. The Staff team was Margaret Waterson, Mr Henderson, Miss Swarbrick, Mr Tragheim, Miss Pirrie, Mr Lorimer, Miss McLaren, Mrs Jack, Mr Dron, Miss Murdoch and Mr Thomson.

There were no House Matches played this season.

The final results for the season were:—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
1st XI.	16	8	5	3	54	29
2nd XI.	17	10	5	2	70	26
3rd XI.	11	4	5	2	20	23
2nd Year XI.	18	14	4	0	77	33

LAURA PRINGLE, Secy.

FOOTBALL CLUB

President: Mr Hoskins.
 Vice-Presidents: Mr Jolly, Mr Martin,
 Mr Williams, Mr Keay.
 Captain and Secretary: Stuart Rattray, VI.
 Treasurer: Kenneth McPherson, V.

The complete record of matches, including league, cup and friendly games, is as follows:—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	Pts.
1st XI.	15	7	7	1	54	48	15
Under-15	13	4	8	1	30	71	9
Under-14	16	7	7	2	54	56	16
Under-13	13	1	11	1	25	63	3

The 1st XI. was the most successful team this season, but they could have improved their record if fewer players had called off because of other commitments. This unsatisfactory state of affairs had the advantage, however, of giving some of the younger boys experience which should stand them in good stead in next season's team. Russell Wallace was top goal scorer with 23 goals to his credit. In the Scottish Shield we lost by 3 goals to 2 to a powerful Perth side who went on to reach the quarter-finals of the competition.

The Under-15 team proved very unpredictable and, like last season, they often won or lost by large margins. Leading scorer was David Galloway with 14 goals.

Of the three junior teams the Under-14 XI. was the most successful. Their forwards averaged three goals per game. Top scorer for this season was Brian Grieve with 16 goals.

The Under-13's started the season badly, but by the end of the season they had improved greatly. Murray Carnegie was leading goalscorer with 11 goals.

For the third year in succession Balgillo won the schools Inter-House Football Tournament, and the Pupils beat the Staff by 4 goals to 1.

During the season Alex. Anderson represented

his country by playing for the Scotland Youth Team. Ronald Keenan and Stuart Rattray were awarded colours.

Finally, we must thank Mr Duncan Low for refereeing all home 1st XI. matches and also all members of staff who have taken an interest in any of the school teams.

STUART RATTRAY, VI., Secy.

GIRLS' NETBALL

Throughout this season the girls' Netball teams have steadily improved. During the first term a number of friendly games were played against Monifieth. The first match was lost by Grove, but in each successive game the teams bettered their score from a draw to a win.

In the league, Grove made a good start by defeating St John's and went on to win a further two matches and to lose five matches.

The team's greatest success came in the Knock-out Tournament. The A Team reached the semi-finals, to be knocked out then by the eventual winners.

This term we hope to have a few friendly games with Linlathen and Monifieth. I. McLAREN.

GROVE PRIMARY FOOTBALL TEAM

If we cannot claim to have had an extremely successful season, we can claim at least to have had an enjoyable one.

Although only three members of the team had previous experience of match play, we managed to finish fourth in the league table, which was two places higher than that attained by last year's team. In the cup competition we were beaten, but we felt that it was no disgrace as our opponents were unbeaten in the league. The final analysis of the games for season 1963-64 is as follows:—

P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	Pts.
11	4	3	4	44	29	12

We are very grateful to Mr Crabb, our headmaster, for the coaching and refereeing he has done and to Mrs Lickley for her help. I ask them to accept our thanks. FRANK MILNE, Capt.

GROVE PRIMARY NETBALL

The girls of the netball team have greatly enjoyed their practices and games during session 1963-64. Thanks to Miss Mackay, the fullest possible use was made of the limited availability of the Y.M.C.A. Hall for indoor practice during the winter. This enabled us to take part in the inter-schools Winter Competition, in which we did quite well. We are now playing off our matches in the summer tournament, and so far we have won one of the three games played.

We cannot praise too highly Miss Mackay's skill as a coach nor thank her sufficiently for the work she has done and for the time she has spent with us. The new netball strip which we have been given has provided us with an added incentive to play better. We thank, too, the pupils for their support.

RAE BORLAND, Capt.

ATHLETICS

Heather McCrossan of Class II.E(X), a member of Tayside Amateur Athletic Club, has some sterling performances to her credit this term, even although the athletics season has just begun.

Competing in the Eastern District Championships and the East of Scotland v. West of Scotland Championships for 1964, two meetings organised by the Scottish Women's Amateur Athletic Association, Heather took second place in the High Jump Competition in each.

Heather's greatest performance so far this season earned her the Association's silver medal when she took first place in the 8½ mile road race from Dundee to Newtyle. Heather completed the course in 67 minutes.

Well done, Heather!

BADMINTON CLUB

President: Mr Bell.

Captain: Blair France, VI.

Secretary: Margaret Robertson, IV.

Treasurer, Stuart Langlands, VI.

The Club has completed another satisfactory season; membership remaining constant and funds reasonably good. Standard of play has improved greatly mainly due to Mr Tragheim's interest in the Club.

In tournaments outside school Chris. Cameron won the East Midlands Championship and became runner-up in the Midlands Championship.

In school matches we won most of our fixtures, although we still have not beaten Harris Academy. Our matches against the Staff resulted in credit for the pupils.

New members (from Third Year and above) are cordially invited to attend from four to six p.m. on Monday and Wednesday evenings, commencing Monday, 7th September.

MARGARET ROBERTSON, Secy.

CRICKET CLUB

President: Mr J. D. Henderson.

Captain: Stuart Rattray, VI.

Secy. and Treas.: Ian R. Johnston, V.

Last season the 1st XI. won three games, lost three and drew two. Brian Allardice topped the bowling averages and Jack Knight again topped the batting averages. This year's team, with only three of last year's 1st XI., has so far played three matches, resulting in a win over Arbroath and defeats by Morgan and Blairgowrie.

The school is also represented on the cricket field by the Second XI. and by teams from each of the first three years.

The five teams of the Club cordially thank the various teachers who give of their spare time to umpire matches.

IAN R. JOHNSTON, Secy. and Treas.

GOLF CLUB

President: Mr Myles.

Captain: Iain D. Currie.

Secretary: Ronald L. Davidson.

Despite the time taken up by the "S.C.E." examinations, the club competitions are already

under way, thanks to the work done by Mr Myles in printing copies of the competition draws. (Mr Myles also runs a class for young boy and girl players.)

We congratulate Joan Smith on winning the Scottish Girls' Championship in the Easter Holidays.

As in past years, the Club is running a junior and senior team this season with a full fixture list — including matches against Montrose High School and Madras College, St Andrews.

R. C. D.

CHESS CLUB

Presidents: Mr Melvin
Mr McIntosh.
Captain: Iain Currie, VI.
Secretary: Bruce Currie, IV.
Treasurer: Richard Instrell, V.

Large attendances were maintained throughout the season and a competition was held to give match practice to the members of the Club.

In the Dundee and District Schools League the "A" team finished second and the "B" team finished bottom of the 1st Division, while the "C" team finished third in the Second Division.

The Chess Club would like to thank Mr Melvin and Mr McIntosh for helping at the Club.

BRUCE CURRIE, Secy.

THE SCHOOL SPORTS

The school sports were held for the first time at Dawson Park on Wednesday, 10th June. At first the weather was ideal, being warm and sunny with a cool breeze blowing, but a short heavy shower later marred the proceedings. In spite of this the sports came to an exciting climax in the relay races and in the closely contested mile race.

The outstanding individual performer was Heather McCrossan, who won every event in which she competed.

The results were as follows:—

Individual Champions

Senior Boys	: Russell Wallace.
Senior Girls	: Stella Jamieson.
Intermediate Boys	: Peter Harley.
Intermediate Girls	: Heather McCrossan.
Junior Boys	: Douglas Chalmers.
Junior Girls	: Barbara Davidson.

House Championship

1st Craigie	245½ points.
2nd Balgillo	190 points.
3rd Grange	150½ points.
4th Dalhousie	142 points.

F.P. BADMINTON CLUB

Season 1963-64 will be remembered as an extremely sociable one. Membership was the highest it has been for many seasons. The Club finances are in a very healthy state instead of showing the usual annual slight profit or loss. New Treasurer Jimmy Bruce has proved a real asset to the Club.

Two tournaments were held, one at Christmas and the other on the final night. Both were very well patronised, and as is the practice Badminton and table tennis scores counted dispensing with the

need for handicaps. By popular request of the members, the Club held its first ever dinner in early March. An enjoyable evening was had by all and it is hoped to make this an annual event.

The League side had a disappointing season, beaten often but never disgraced. It is expected, however, that they have done sufficient "to avoid the drop." New members are always welcome. Those interested should come to the Eastern School when the Club resumes on Tuesday, 6th October, at 7 p.m.

HENRY R. RODGER, Hon. Secy.

F.P. FOOTBALL CLUB

The season had hardly begun when football scouts were attending our games to watch Ron Keenan, and it was a proud moment for us when he was signed by Aberdeen F.C. Ron and Mike Symaniak form a very effective right-wing school-boy partnership in the 1st XI.

The 1st XI. had a good run in the North of Tay Cup and established themselves in the First Division in this their first season since gaining promotion. The 2nd XI., however, have had an outstanding season, winning the Reserve 2nd Division Championship as well as being finalists and semi-finalists in both Cups. Led by veteran Bill Lawson, this very young yet accomplished team scored over 170 goals, centre-forward Joe Norrie's contribution being 55.

Inside-forward Norman Fraser had the misfortune of having his leg broken late in the season. A stylish, versatile player, we offer him our best wishes for a speedy recovery and an early return next season.

Ours is a friendly Club, not at all surprising when it is recalled that the brothers Malcolm and Graham Wise play in the 1st XI., and cousins Tom Edwards, Alan and Jim Ewing for the 2nd XI. A 3rd XI. was formed, 10 cup and friendly matches were played, and although no great successes were recorded the nucleus of a team for next year was formed. Players will be welcomed when training resumes at Dawson Park after the local holiday fortnight.

HENRY R. RODGER, Vice-President.

FILM SOCIETY

This has been a very successful season, with the membership remaining round the seventy mark, including several members of staff.

This season saw a varied programme with such films as "Safety Last," starring Harold Lloyd; "Tiger Bay," starring John and Haley Mills; and "The Dam Busters," starring Richard Todd, the film which drew the largest attendance of 120.

There were two competitions this year. The first for the girls was a Film Quiz. The prizes, two book tokens each for one guinea, kindly donated by the Dundee Branch of the Scottish Education Film Association, were won by Alison Nicol, IV., and Diana Sinclair, III. The other competition for boys — an essay on "The Dam Busters" — was judged by Wing-Commander L. H. G. Coles, D.F.C.

Disappointingly, there were only three entries, Stewart Lamont, V., William McPherson (VI.), and Stewart Watson (III.), but all three essays were of such a high standard that each boy is to share the prize of a tour of R.A.F. Leuchars during the last week of term. PETER CARSON, Treas.

THE CONTEMPORARY SOCIETY

President: Mr Dron.
Chairman: Iain Currie.
Secretary: Patricia Blair.
Treasurer: Jeffrey Lock.

The Contemporary Society once again provided a great variety of programmes ranging from formal debates to light-hearted quizzes, and from scientific films to religious items. Despite the wide selection of topics the standard was in all cases very high, with some productions in the five star class.

One of the Society's most pleasing successes was the performance of Iain Currie and Stewart Lamont in the E.S.U. inter-school debating competition. They were defeated by the narrowest of margins by D.H.S., the eventual winners, in the semi-final.

Apart from the annual debating competition, three debates were held in the Society on the topics "That the greatest mistake Columbus ever made was to discover America" (Jeffrey Lock and Patricia Blair, Ronald Davidson and Margery Anderson); "That civilisation has not progressed since the Middle Ages" (Alistair Smith and Bill Brown; Stuart Henderson and Annette Pickard); and the Third Year debate "That a rolling stone is better off without the moss" (Stewart Watson and Diana Sinclair; Alan Cochrane and Catherine Kay).

Although the speaking from the platform was of a high standard both in terms of argument and humour, the speaking from the floor was disappointing and the chairman often had difficulty in keeping things on the move. In a friendly debate with Lawside Academy on the motion "The ultimate form of government for the world is nationalism rather than world communism," Stewart Lamont and Patricia Blair were our speakers in what was a highly successful debate.

In a lighter vein less experienced speakers had a chance to gain confidence in the less formal programmes entitled "Pops v. Classics," "Identity Parade" and "Battle of Wits." (This last replaced the advertised "An Introduction to Crime" as the guest speaker, Sergeant Underwood, was unfortunately ill; we look forward to hearing from the Sergeant next session.)

One of the most interesting meetings was "Religion Under Fire," when three Dundee ministers were questioned vigorously by the members. Another guest speaker was Mr James Reville, who gave a fascinating illustrated talk entitled "Theatrical Caricature."

As usual the Society held a scientific film night when films on the history of science and on polarised light were shown.

Two outstanding programmes of the year were without a doubt, That Was The Grove That Was,

and the Shakespeare Supper. T.W.T.G.T.W. was a hilariously funny and at times very penetrating version of the famous T.W.3 television programme. David Frost himself could certainly have learned a thing or two from Alistair Smith, Alistair McBeth (VI.), Stewart Lamont and Colin Wishart (V.) who wrote, produced and acted, in the review.

But "abun them a'" was the Shakespeare Supper. Although the very idea of holding one instead of a Burns Supper caused controversy in some quarters there was no doubt of its success, which surpassed that of previous Burns Suppers. After a typically Elizabethan meal of loveapple pottage (tomato soup), capon pie (chicken pie) and sherris flummery (sherry trifle) the company of over 200 pupils settled down to a delightful mixture of excellent speeches, recitations and songs.

The principal speech, "The Immortal Memory of William Shakespeare" was proposed by A. K. Forbes, Esq., M.A., H.M.I. "Queen and Commonwealth" was proposed by Iain Currie and replied to by Mr G. M. Thomson, M.P., making a welcome return to the Society. All present will no doubt remember Stewart Lamont's "Eng.-Lit." as one of the finest pieces of sustained schoolboy humour they will ever hear. G. Paton, Esq., M.A., Ed.B., replied. The final toast of "School and Staff" was proposed by Ronald Davidson and replied to by Mr Hislop. W. Christie, Esq., M.A., H.M.I., gave an amusing summing up to the whole evening.

The speeches were suitably punctuated by recitations, songs and appropriate items of humour by the T.W.T.G.T.W. team.

The Society has been exceptionally successful in what has been a very ambitious year.

I. D. C., VI.

SCRIPTURE UNION

The Scripture Union has a branch in most schools in Britain. It also has branches overseas and an overseas membership of more than 1½ million people speaking 131 different languages.

The main purpose of the S.U. is to spread the gospel, especially among young people, but it also runs summer camps. The Scottish camps are very popular, especially the Easter Ski Camps where fun and excitement are assured.

The attendances at our branch have improved with an average of ten at the weekly meetings. There were comparatively few senior pupils at these meetings. This is an unsatisfactory situation, but the juniors are the future senior members and it is they who are needed to keep the branch alive. Generally, it has been a fairly good session with the increase in membership warranting more and better filmstrips.

The new travelling Secretary for Scotland, the Rev. Linkens, visited us this term and there was an encouraging attendance of seventeen at this meeting. This was the highest attendance for the past session, but I should like to see this figure frequently surpassed next session.

ALAN L. GORDON, Secy.

AUTOGRAPHS

Leslie J. J. J.
L. Heller

Janet
Ferguson

Ronald Graham
Douglas Kerr.

A. Duncan Douglas Lawrence

Dorothy Norrie

Roy - Hew

Edward ~~Stewart~~ ^{Stewart}

Douglas Yelver.

Ruth Gibson I.A.X.

Mr X

Jim Hutchison
Aileen Caird

Carole Galloway

Alison Groom

Christine Moffat

Rosemary Clarke

Alice Garden
W. J. Frame

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